THE 1974 NIGHTMARE T.M. SUMMER-SPECIAL

75¢
47778

Why is this poor victim thrown in a lunatic cell with Dracula? Why does everyone scream

let her rot in hell!

WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME?

These people are having a party at their HORROR-MOOD newstand, while awaiting the current issue of their favorite HORROR-MOOD magazine, SCREAM. As they well know, there's nothing quite so entertaining in this world as a good stein of ale, good companions, and the latest SCREAM. They know too, that NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO are equally entertaining, and in these days of inflation, the best bargain on the newstand, for only 75¢. These people are having so much fun waiting for SCREAM they're going to party while they wait for NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO too; which is not surprising, because everybody loves a party, especially that man with the strange stuff in his pipe! Talk to your HORROR-MOOD newstand dealer about setting up a party in your neighborhood store, and enjoy your latest SCREAM.

1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL

NIGHTMARE

number 21 October

• edited by ALAN HEWETSON •

cover artist MIRALLES

contributors

CARDONA ED FEDORY
FRANK GIACOIA JEFF JONES
MICHAEL WM. KALUTA
BOB KANIGHER JACK KATZ
PABLO MARCOS SYD SHORES
STEVE STERN TOM SUTTON
DOUG WILDEY

LET HER ROT IN HELL

Why is a poor girl thrown into a JAIL CELL
a fierce lunatic like DRACULA — the answe
compounded in twist after twist in this all-orig
tale of TERROR and MAYHEM . . . page 4

ARCHAIC NIGHTMARE MAILB

Corrupt correspondence and weird news
previews highlight our noxious Nightmare
ters/editorial pages . . . pages 14 and 15

VALLEY OF BLOOD

What's so special about THE VALLEY OF BLO
that makes this quaint knoll a valley of TER
. . . page 16

COSMOS STRAIN

MIKE KALUTA illustrated this tale — if you
to know anything else you don't know
GREAT COMIC ARTISTS . . . page 26

COMES THE STALKING MONS

SYD SHORES and TOM SUTTON got togethe
call up a DEMON FROM HELL to whet
horror-mood appetite for DEMONOLOGY
page 32

SLEEP

JEFF JONES illustrated this tale — if you
to know anything else in order to frantically
to page 37 you sure don't know GREAT
. . . page 37

CORPSE BY COMPUTER

BOB KANIGHER and DOUG WILDEY collabor
to investigate the inner-workings of a mac
computer capable of KILLING . . . page 42

SAND CASTLE

PABLO MARCOS and ED FEDORY climbed o
of a nightmarish castle one night and reco
everything they saw — which makes S
CASTLE a tale of EYE-WITNESS HORROR
page 53

NIGHTMARE IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLI
CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK
N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED 8 TIMES A YEAR. PUBLISHES:
WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN
ETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. BACK NUMBERS O
MAGAZINE MAY BE OBTAINED FROM THE PUBLISHER.
TO ADVERTISEMENTS ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. TH
LISHER ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR UNSOL
MANUSCRIPTS OR ARTWORK, ALTHOUGH EVERY EFFOR
BE MADE TO RETURN MATERIAL WHEN ACCOMPANI
A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ANY RESEMB
OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR D
PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINT
ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERM
OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGH
SERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

YOU ARE FOUND GUILTY BY THIS COURT OF LAW, SEÑOR... DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PRONOUNCE SENTENCE?
NO--I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY--I AM GUILTY--...I THROW MYSELF AT THE MERCY OF THE COURT!
NO--NO--NOT CARDONA--NOT THAT PLEASE MY LORD, NOT CARDONA--NOT FOR A DAY--GIVE ME LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN DEBIRATA PRISON--FLOG ME WITH THE CAT OF NINE TALES IN THE DUNGEONS OF SALVADORE PRISON--BUT NOT CARDONA--I BEG OF YOU--I PLEAD WITH YOU ON MY KNEES--PLEASE MY LORD--NOT A DAY IN CARDONA--OH LORD!--WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME, I BESEECH YOU...
YOU ARE FOUND GUILTY OF HAVING ROBBED THE JEWELS AND PRECIOUS STONES OF SEÑORA CASTILLE, WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF BADALONA--AND SO I CHARGE THAT YOU SHALL SERVE IMPRISONMENT FOR ONE DAY--
--WITHIN THE CONFINES OF CARDONA PRISON!...
OH MY LORD GOD--HAVE MERCY UPON ME--WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS AGONY--WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS FATE--A FEW PIECES OF JEWELLERY--IT IS NOT WORTH A DAY IN CARDONA PRISON--IT IS BECAUSE I ROBBED THE WIFE OF THE MAYOR, IS IT NOT? IT IS BECAUSE WHO I ROBBED THAT I GET THIS FATE--NOT WHAT I ROBBED--WHO I ROBBED--OH LORD--LORD--REVERSE YOUR DECISION--I PLEAD--I IMPLORE...
BRING IN THE NEXT PRISONER!
--ONE DAY?--
CARDONA?!!

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

...A FEW WORDS IN THE JUDGES' EAR-- A FEW PESETTAS IN AN ENVELOPE--AND SEÑOR RAMON TORTORA IS AVENGED-- THE GIRL MARIA SANTOS IS CONDEMNED TO A FATE SHE CANNOT YET UNDERSTAND-- A FATE FAR BLOODY WORSE-- THAN MERE DEATH!

LET HER ROT IN HELL

...THIS IS THE PLACE THEY CALL HELL-- CARDONA PRISON-- WITHIN, THOUSANDS OF PRISONERS SERVE LIFE-SENTENCES, REGARDING THIS HOLE ON A MOUNTAIN TOP WITH THE SAME DIS-REGARD AS ANY PLACE OF CONFINEMENT--

...BUT NOT A PRISONER WITHIN THIS VILE PRISON WOULD EXCHANGE HIS ENTIRE TERM OF IMPRISONMENT TO SERVE A MERE DAY IN THE WEST TURRET THAT IS ESPECIALLY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL PRISONERS...

WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT CELL YOU CALL THE VAULT-- WHY DOES IT FRIGHTEN PEOPLE SO?
NO MAN OR WOMAN HAS EVER LEFT THAT CELL SANE--THERE IS SOMETHING WITHIN THAT FOUR-WALLED ROOM-- THAT--THAT DRIVES EVERY INMATE WHO HAS EVER SPENT A NIGHT WITHIN IT TO SUICIDE THE MOMENT HE'S RELEASED!
--NOW--TAKE MY ADVISE--REST NOW!
...IT IS TIME...
NO_NO--I DON'T WANT TO BE FREE--PUT ME IN A CELL-- FOR GOD'S SAKE-- DON'T LET ME OUTSIDE!
YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE NOW!

YOU ARE A FREE MAN -- WE'LL SEE YOU TO THE GATE!
NO--NO-- I WON'T- I SWEAR TO GOD I WON'T GO!!

HE'S BROKEN FREE!
LET HIM GO--HE'S A FREE MAN ANYWAY!

IS HE MAD? -- HE COMMITTED SUICIDE! WHY? WHY? HE WAS A FREE-MAN! -- IT MAKES NO SENSE!
IT WILL MAKE PERFECT SENSE TO YOU TOMORROW MORNING AT THIS TIME -- -- NOW COME -- IT'S NOW YOUR TURN TO ENTER THE VAULT!

...SO THIS IS THE VAULT...

IT'S AN ORDINARY JAIL CELL! WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT? WHY ALL THE MYSTERY?

RATS!! UGH! GOD!! -- VILE, DETESTABLE THINGS...
-- BUT NOT DETESTABLE ENOUGH TO DRIVE MEN TO SUICIDE!

NIGHTFALL! -- PERHAPS SOMETHING HAPPENS AT NIGHTFALL!

THOMP THOMP THOMP
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? --FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN THE HALLWAY...

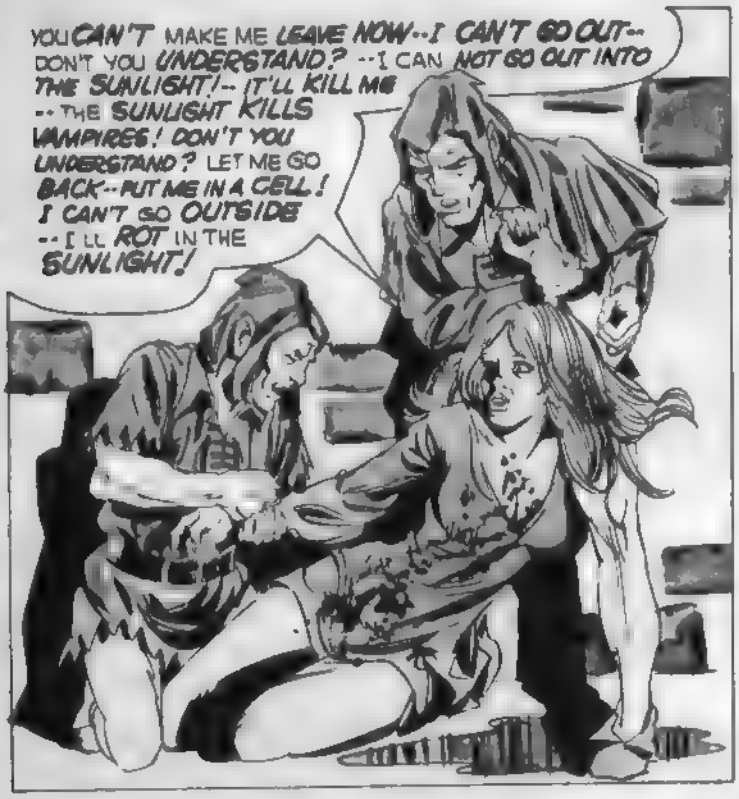
--SILENCE-- THEY'VE STOPPED--
--WHOEVER-- OR WHATEVER IT IS -- IS STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

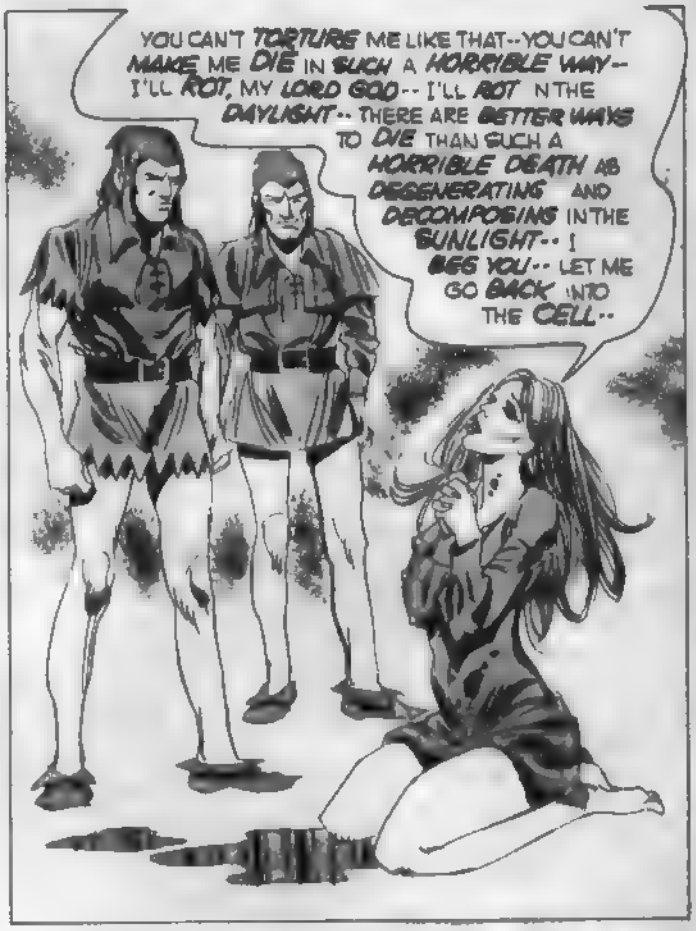
WHAT IS IT? --WHO ARE YOU?

OH MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

LORD--NO
--NO!
...YES...

WHAMMM!
... ALRIGHT-- WAKE-UP GIRL-- IT'S TIME TO LEAVE!
...TIME TO LEAVE?...
TIME TO LEAVE-- GET UP!
OH LORD NO-- YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- I CAN'T LEAVE-- I CAN'T LEAVE -- DON'T YOU KNOW? DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I CAN'T LEAVE!





...MARIA SANTOS -- LIKE THE OTHERS, IS A FOOL--THE VICTIM OF SUPERSTITIOUS TIMES - SPAIN, DURING THE 17TH CENTURY, WAS A SUPERSTITIOUS PLACE -- OF COURSE -- THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS VAMPIRES, THIS WE KNOW IN 1974-- BUT IN 1694, THEY DIDN'T KNOW--AND HENCE VAMPIRISM WAS MORE THAN A MYTH-- IT WAS REALITY-- THE AUTHORITIES KNEW THIS, AND IT WAS THEIR CURIOUS AND PERFECTLY LEGAL WAY OF GETTING 'UNDESIRABLES' TO COMMIT SUICIDE-- --THEY WERE NEVER ONCE WRONG-- FOR WHO WANTS TO ROT WHEN A 200 FOOT FALL TO AN IMMEDIATE DEATH IS SO -SO PAINLESS!

THE SLITHER-SLIME PAGES

. . . Welcome to the NIGHTMARE 1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL, a classic Horror-Mood issue if ever there's a SINGLE issue that deserves permanent residence in THE VAULT OF HORROR-MOOD MASTERWORKS . .

The WINNERS (a rousing cheer is in order for these talented people of the HORROR-MOOD MISSING VOICE BALLOONS CONTEST #5 are TOM GREGORY of Santa Barbara, California; ELGIN TOYNBEY of Montreal, Quebec; ANTHONY JACKSON of St Louis, Missouri; MARY COOPER of Peoria, Illinois and WALTER EDMONDSON of the South Bronx. Congratulations y'all — advance copies of this very issue will be winging their way to you the moment they roll off the presses. Congratulations, and thanks too, to weird-runners-up JAMES RILEY of Kansas, MRS SHARON MILU of Texas, TAMI GROGAR of Wisconsin, BARRY MACLEOD of South Carolina DARREN STEELE of North Carolina, GEOFF KINNEY of Massachusetts, TRUDY AGUINE of Texas, KATHY KUYLE! of Michigan, RANDY VAUGHN of Ohio, EILEEN TRACY of New York, ANSELM G. DOUCETTE of Louisiana, (hey — maybe we'll make all 50 states an' all 10 provinces someday!! — Today — North America tomorrow — the WORLD!) PAT TRIPP of Iowa, KATHY MOSES of Alabama, DAVID PEISH of Michigan MICHON PLOUSKI of Michigan, NORMA HARRIS of Florida, JOANNE PAGANO of New York, RALPH WHITNEY of Ohio MARY JAQUEZ of New Mexico, KENNETH PRZYSTAWSKI of Michigan JEANNIE LOU CARVER of North Carolina, LOVETT HAKEY of Texas, RONALD PARITER of North Carolina, JOYCE SPITLER of Indiana, JOHN BREDEN BACK (of Gunpowder Road) in Maryland DON SCOTT HOWARD of Illinois and HENRY RIENDEAU of Minnesota . also, a particular no thank you to Dick H-----, whose entry was lewd and did not win! Thank you to the several hundred others who entered, who we thank from the bottom of our breeding hearts!

. . . NEWS n' PREVIEWS . . .

. . . What are Sinister SUSO'S plans, once he's completed the awesome saga of the THE VICTIMS? (Yes, it will end SOMEDAY) — he's a man of many macabre talents, and so he'll be tackling many macabre stories, like SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER, a gruesome little tid-bit we take great delight in presenting, then KILLER FU MANCHU, which is a 20 page blockbuster of oriental horror, pitting MANDARIN FU MANCHU against none-other-than COUNT DRACULA . . .

. . while DRACULA was in China he came across new HORROR-MOOD artist curious CHULL SANHO KIM, and sometime during a dismal night they created THE FIEND OF CHANG-SHA, a fierce new HORROR-MOOD character who begins in the strange PSYCHO #21 issue, on sale 7/25/74 . . .

. . . SUSO will then be illustrating the series that's warping everyone's mind, namely: THE DARKKOS MANSE SAGA — and wait'll you see the behemoths he's got dreamed up in the tales already scripted — THE CLOSED-UP ROOM IN DARKKOS MANSE and DARKKOS KILLERS — these horrors will be on their way to you soon — miss 'em not! . . .

. . . The awesome NOSFERATU series is coming towards its fierce conclusion, and you'll be interested, we know, to learn what artist ZESAR will be doing when his series finishes — would you believe a 3 month rehabilitation in a certain well-known New York Asylum? — After his sojourn into brief tranquility he'll be back at work, and drawing the most gruesome, popular series in the whole HORROR-MOOD grab-bag of living tales of horror, namely: THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES — which you'll read about in great depth in our very special letters/editorial pages in the PSYCHO 1974 SUMMER-SPECIAL . . .

. . . The late, lurid LUIS COLLADO is presently illustrating WHO ARE THEY? THE BREEDERS, for the NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL - EDITION, plus such goodies as THAT IS NOT DEAD . . . and ONCE YOU ENTER-YOU DIE for an upcoming special TALES OF SELECTED EVIL issue, plus DUNGEON OF THE DAMNED, an awkward tale of horror by a certain awkward writer who is becoming very popular in the HORROR-MOOD . . .

. . . And as if all that isn't enough, here's a look at the furious tales just completed by all MOOD-TEAM members, soon for publication — if any of these titles grabs you it's because they are ALIVE and awaiting to choke you! . . .

. . . THE THING IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS, CREATURES IN THE NIGHT, FIEND, THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, THE BLOOD MUMMY OF SKULL FOREST, THE VAMPIRE FREAKS, THE CLAWS OF DEATH, THE INHUMAN BREED, CASTLE OF A THOUSAND HORRORS, THE HORROR IN OLD LONDON, THE BLOOD AND THE FURY, THE BRIDE OF THE WEREWOLF, THE VAMPIRE CRYPTS, and A FULL MOON, A GLASS OF BLOOD AND YOU — just a few good reasons to stay tuned in to the ever-entertaining HORROR-MOOD . . .

. . . Stay tuned in to the HORROR-MOOD for the best in illustrated horror . . .

R.I.P.

ARCHAIC AL

MACABRE MAELO CINTRON

(wearing a MICKEY MOUSE t-shirt)

M[illegible] MAELO CINTRON, who is becoming [illegible] miss it not!

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is

because

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is

because

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is.....

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is .....

my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction sword and sorcery) is.....

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or longer (d) variety of lengths

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment):

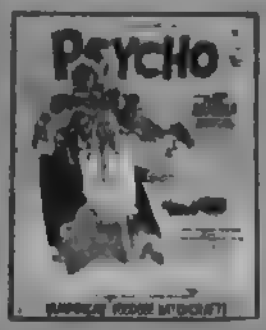
my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are
(the Human Gargoyles-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster Monster-the Heap -Lady Satan): ... ...

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are
(Darkkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the Victims):

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL):

my favorite cover of the 3 covers pictured below is (check one)



☐ as an insert

☐ full size cover art

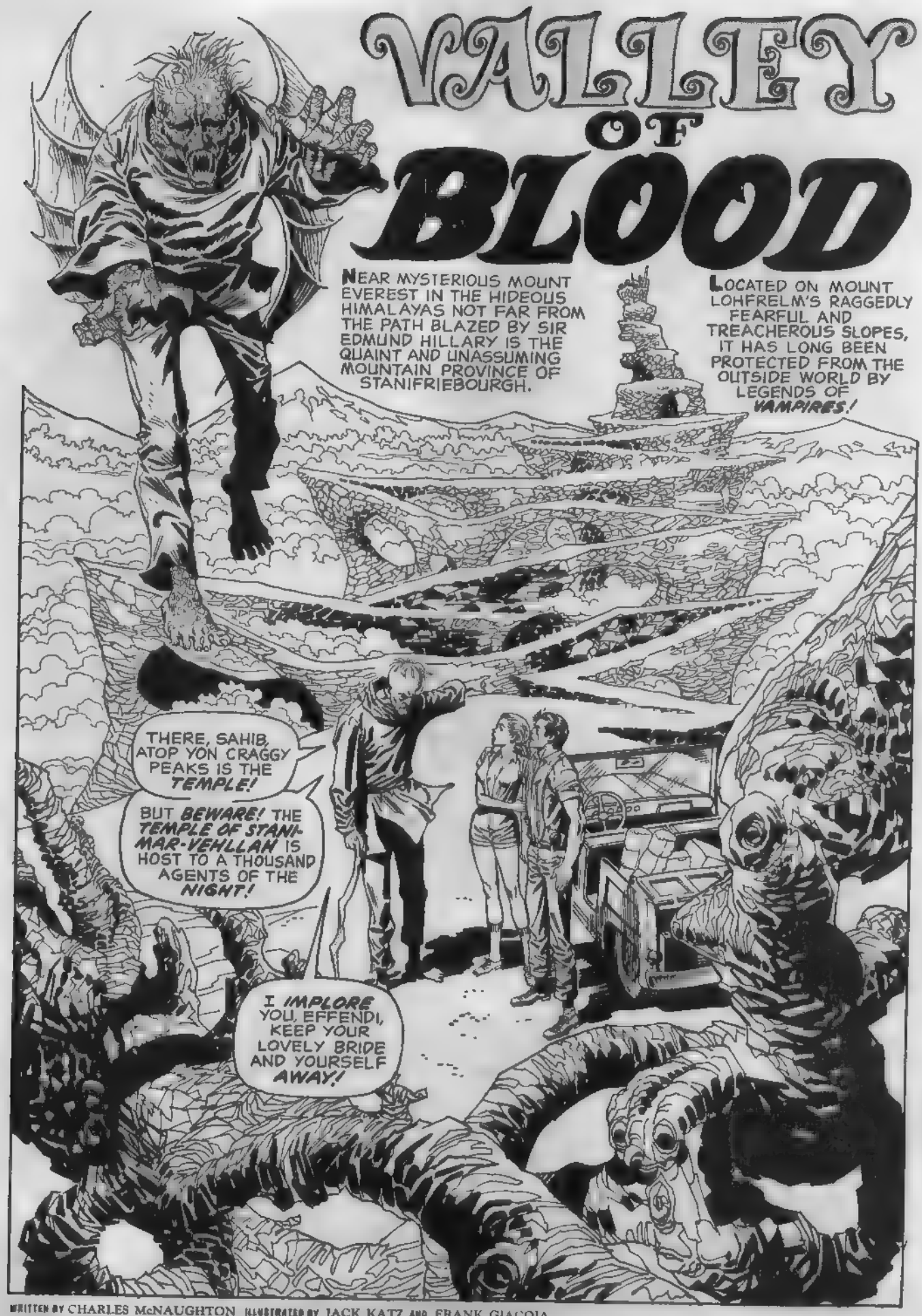
☐ special design art

comment

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
16 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name age
address
city and all else ... .

send in this page, or a fascimile, so that we can better entertain you — to the first 25 (yes — 25!!) BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send an advance copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best, most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTOGRAPHED advanced copies of that SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your ideas to us today, and maybe WIN a free, autographed copy of the finest horror magazine you will ever read!



WRITTEN BY CHARLES McNAUGHTON ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KATZ AND FRANK GIACOIA

FROM THE WEST HAVE COME MANY EXPLORERS, SAHIB BARRY WHO ALL HAVE VANISHED-- GONE TO THE (YOU'D CALL IT) VAMPIRE CASTLE! LOST!
SUPERSTITION SPROUTS--

"SUPERSTITION SPROUTS FROM THE SOIL OF IGNORANCE." DARGOSI IS FAMILIAR WITH THE SAYING OF THE EXPLORERS, SAHIB!

YES, EFFENDIS, DARGOSI HEARD THAT MAXIM SAID MANY TIMES-- BY EXPLORERS WHO NEVER CAME BACK!
AH, OH-- SUPERSTITION SPROUTS--

MY LORD! A SKELETON!
VALERIE, WHAT A FIND!
THESE RUINS MUST BE THOUSANDS OF YEARS FALLEN!

WHAT, VAL--? OH-- IT'S JUST A SKELETON...
BUT BART!-- LOOK AT IT'S TEETH!
THE VAMPIRE LEGENDS MUST BE TRUE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BART-- I'LL NEVER GET THAT HIDEOUS SKULL OUT OF MY MIND AS LONG AS I EVER SHALL LIVE!

AS THE JEEP BARRELS OVER SPIDERWEB ROADS, CAREENING TIPSILY, ITS WEIGHT SHIFTS AND VELOCITY SLACKENS AND A CURVE IS NOT NEGOTIATED
TWO FLYSPECK FIGURES FALL ALMOST LAZILY INTO THE SWAMP...
VALERIE! OH, VALERIE!
YES, THIS IS A CLINIC! I AM DR. OURIJAY...
HELP! HELP HER, DOCTOR!!
I UNDERSTAND YOUR WIFE IS TYPE O-NEGATIVE, AND NEEDS A TRANSFUSION!
I HAVE TYPE O-NEGATIVE, MR. BART-- DR. OURIJAY..
SHE NEEDS A TRANSFUSION IMMEDIATELY, MR BART!

THE TRANFUSION IS ALMOST COMPLETE...WE WON'T KNOW TILL LATER.
MMMRRRPPHH!

THE TRAGEDY IS THAT MY WORDS HAVE FALLEN ON DEAF EARS!
TIME WILL TELL, SAHIB
OK, DOC...

DOCTOR OURIJAY! COME QUICKLY!
VALERIE'S GONE! GONE!!

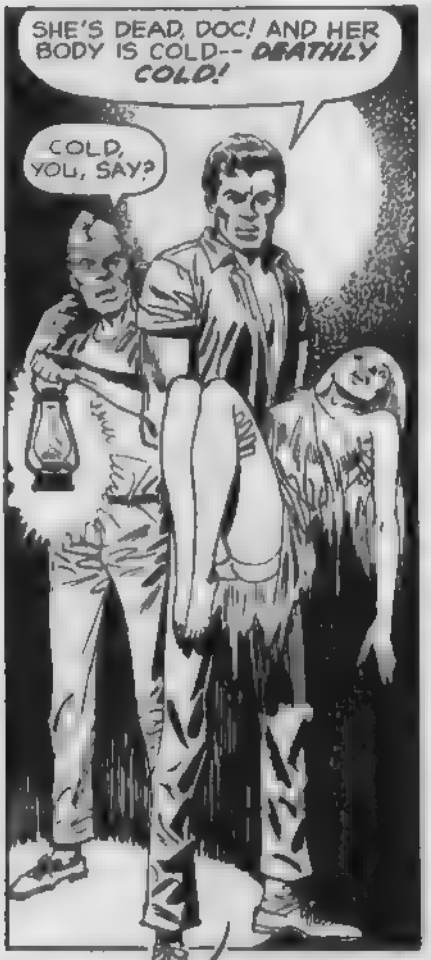
WHERE COULD SHE HAVE GONE, DOC...? HOW?!
THE EAST HAS MANY CLOUDY MYSTERIES, BART BARRY-- ONE ONLY CAN EXPLAIN STRENGTH AFTER GREAT BLOOD LOSS...
VAMPIRES!!

AGAINST INKY HIMALAYAN MIDNIGHT SKYLINE, TWO FIGURES, BLACKER THAN ALL EMPTINESS, LAY IN WAIT...
AWZZZZZ
HSSSSSSS

AND SUDDENLY POUNCE! THEY FLUTTER-SWOOP WITH DEADLY EVIL, GLIDING GRACEFUL PURPOSE! -- AN INVINCIBLE VAMPIRE AND HIS NEW BRIDE.

AND RELIEVE THEIR PLACABLE VICTIM OF HER PRECIOUS BODILY FLUIDS.

AN HOUR LATER, BART BARRY'S GHOSTLY YELLOW LANTERN ILLUMINES A HORRIFYING SPECTACLE.


SHE'S DEAD, DOC! AND HER BODY IS COLD-- DEATHLY COLD!
COLD, YOU, SAY?

VAMPIRE MARKS EFFENDI!
SOMEHOW I FIND THIS HARD TO BELIEVE. I COME FROM A CIVILIZED COUNTRY, AN EDUCATED LAND--
I ONCE COULD SING SONGS OF MOCKERY ABOUT SUCH THINGS!
BUT I CAN SING LAUGHINGLY NO MORE!

NOW THAT MY WIFE IS ONE!
IT COULD ONLY BE! IT MAKES SENSE.
THE LOGIC OF IT ALL IS HIDEOUS!

BELOW THE VAMPIRE TEAM, A SHEPHERD TENDS HIS FLOCK.

DOWN FROM THE ESCARPMENT HURTLE THE HORRENDOUS HEMO-VORES!
NNOOooo!

OORLOORGGH HISSSH!!

NEXT MORNING...

QUICKLY!! WE MUST TELL GOOD DR. OURIJAY!

MY WIFE AND DARGOSI HAVE STRUCK AGAIN!
YES, SAHIB!

WE CAN PROTECT YOUR WIFE NO LONGER! AUTHORITIES WILL BE TOLD AND SCANDAL WILL BREAK UNLESS YOU KILL HER YOURSELF!
BUT- MY WIFE WITH IS WITH CHILD!

WE SHARE ALIKE, VALERIE!
YES, MY NEW HUSBAND!

AND SO AN INNOCENT YOUNG GIRL IS EASY PREY FOR THE BLOODSEEKING HEMO VORES...

AFTERWARD, THE INEVITABLE DISCOVERY...

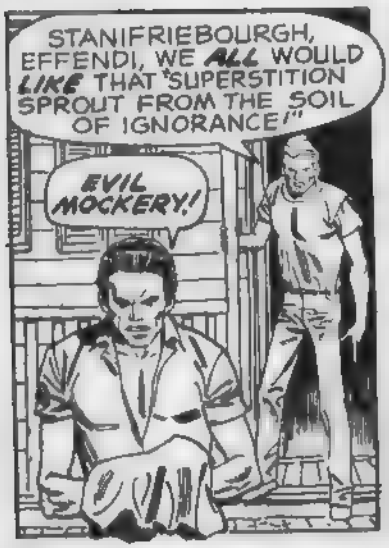
AT RISK TO YOUR REPUTATION, SAHIB, THE AUTHORITIES MUST BE INFORMED!
NO!

I'M SURE YOU WOULD NOT LIKE THE PRESS TO LEARN OF THIS, SAHIB!
YOU'RE BLUFFING, DOC!

ANY ADVERSE PUBLICITY WOULD PROBABLY ONLY INCREASE INTEREST IN THE TOURIST TRADE, SAHIB BARRY!--

BUT WOULD NOT HELP YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY IN AMERICA!
I'M SURE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE CUSTOMARY INSTRUMENTS!

I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM?
I HAVE SEEN MOVIES-- READ BOOKS...


STANIFRIEBOURGH, EFFENDI, WE ALL WOULD LIKE THAT SUPERSTITION SPROUT FROM THE SOIL OF IGNORANCE!"
EVIL MOCKERY!

BY THE LIVID LAKE OF MOUNT LOHFRELM A TRAGIC SCENARIO DEVELOPS...

BLOOOOOD!!

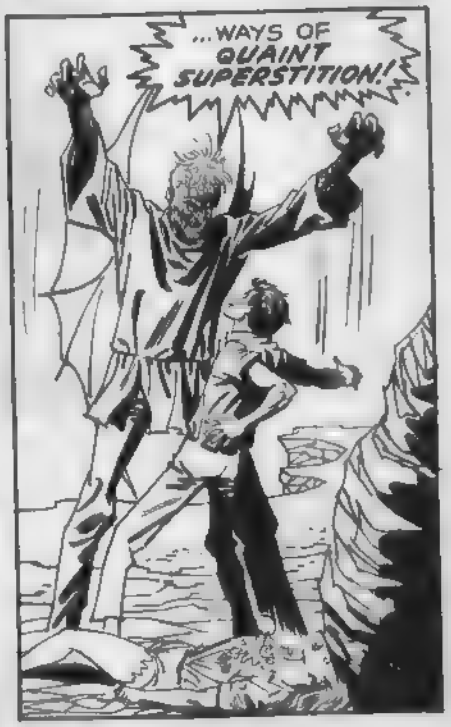
AH-WHA-HAA

SENRAIIEX
WHUTHUUMP!

THUDDK!
GASP!

VALERIE! OH, MY LOVELY VALERIE! I HAD TO DO THIS!
DO THIS FOR OUR UNBORN CHILD'S SAKE!

SO, SAHIB BART BARRY, I HOPE YOUR STAY IN STANIFRIEBOURGH HAS EDUCATED YOU IN OUR QUAINT NATIVE WAYS...
DARGOS!!!


...WAYS OF QUAINT SUPERSTITION!

the ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT of HORROR-MOOD MASTERWORKS

. . . these pages are your opportunity to complete your library collections of SKYWALD'S weird masterworks . . . prices are going up on these just about every day due to our stock dwindling FAST . . . we WARNED you the end is near and on MANY of these titles it IS near . . . if you value your collection . . . order any missing numbers NOW . . . tomorrow might be TOO LATE . . .

make checks payable to:
THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION

mail to:
THE ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT
SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLISHING
18 East 41st Street rm 1501
NEW YORK CITY N.Y. 10017

. . . the archaic back issues vault holds a great variety of horror-mood masterworks . . . if your collection is incomplete then ORDER what you need NOW — prices MUST go UP to meet the demand so make sure you get what you want while the prices remain LOW . . .

. . . I enclose herewith $ . . . which is for the archaic issues I've indicated you should take out of the vault and RUSH to me . . .
. . . I enclose 40¢ postage and handling . . .

PSYCHO #12__ #16__#20__ SCREAM #7__ NIGHTMARE #13__#17__ NIGHTMARE ANNUAL__
#1__ #8__ #13__ #17__ #1__ #4__#8__ #2__ #9__ #14__#18__ CRIME-MACHINE #1__
PSYCHO ANNUAL__
#2__ #10__#14__ #18__ #2__ #5__ #3__ #11__ #15__#19__ HELL-RIDER #1__
#3__ #11__#15__#19__ #3__ #6__ #8__ #12__ #16__#20__ HELL-RIDER #2__

NAME

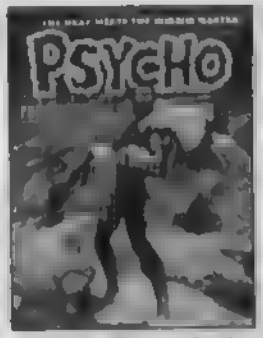
ADDRESS

CITY AND ALL ELSE

Canadian and foreign orders are accepted, but all orders must be made out to UNITED STATES FUNDS (indicate 'U.S. FUNDS' on checks or money orders).

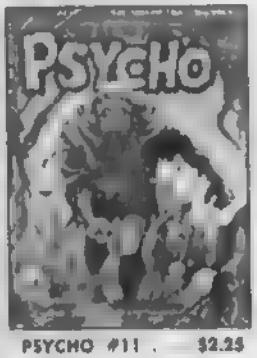
PSYCHO #1 . . . $5.00

PSYCHO #2 $4.00


PSYCHO #3 . . . $3.50

PSYCHO #8 . $2.75

PSYCHO #10 . . . $2.50


PSYCHO #11 . $2.25

PSYCHO #12 . . $2.25

PSYCHO #13 . $2.00

PSYCHO #14 $2.00

PSYCHO #15 . . . $1.75

PSYCHO #16 . . . $1.50

PSYCHO #17 . . . $1.50

PSYCHO #18 $1.25

PSYCHO #19 $1.25

PSYCHO #20 $1.00

SCREAM #1 $4.00

SCREAM #2 . . $3.00

SCREAM #3 . $2.00

SCREAM #4 $1.50

SCREAM #5 . . $1.50

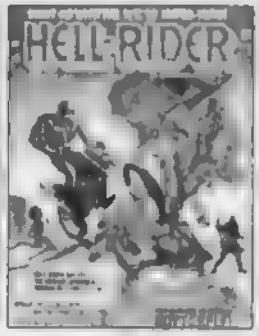
SCREAM #6 . $1.25

SCREAM #7 $1.00

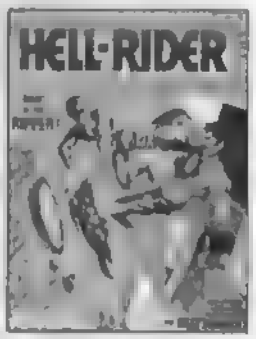
SCREAM #8 $1.00

PSYCHO ANNUAL $3.00

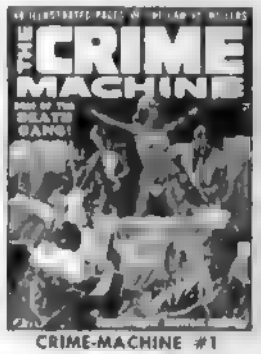
NIGHTMARE ANNUAL $3.00



HELL-RIDER #1 $3.00



HELL-RIDER #2 $2.50



CRIME-MACHINE #1 $3.00

NIGHTMARE #2 . $4

NIGHTMARE #3 $3.50

NIGHTMARE #8 $2.50

NIGHTMARE #9 . . $2.25

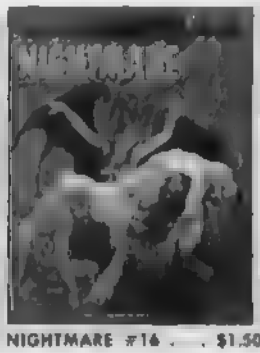
NIGHTMARE #11 . . . $2.25

NIGHTMARE #12 . . $2.

NIGHTMARE #13 . . . $2

NIGHTMARE #14 . . . $2.

NIGHTMARE #15 $1.75


NIGHTMARE #16 . . $1.50

NIGHTMARE #17 . . . $1.50

NIGHTMARE #18 . . $1.25

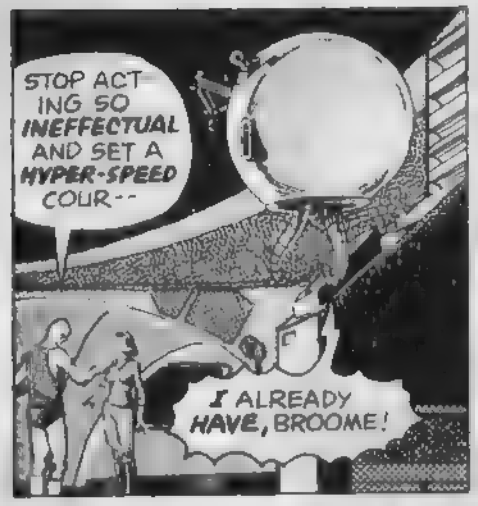
NIGHTMARE #19 . . . $1.

NIGHTMARE #20 . . . $1.

2028 A.D....OUT OF THE DARK COSMOS COMES THE ***GREAT SPACE PLAGUE***--INFECTING ALL IN ITS ***BLOODY*** PATH WITH LETHAL ***MEGACANCERS!*** 2029 A.D....***FEW*** SURVIVE; BUT ***AMONG*** THEM IS THE STRIFE-TORN ***INTERGALACTIC PURE LIFE FORCE.*** THEIR MISSION: TO PREVENT A TERRIBLE ***SECOND*** CATACLYSM! ***NOW,*** ONLY ***ONE*** QUESTION REMAINS: CAN THEY SURMOUNT THEIR ***OWN*** PRESSING ***PROBLEMS*** IN TIME TO DESTROY THE MALIGNANCE OF...

THE COSMOS STRAIN

Script: STEVE STERN
Art: MICHAEL WM. KALUTA

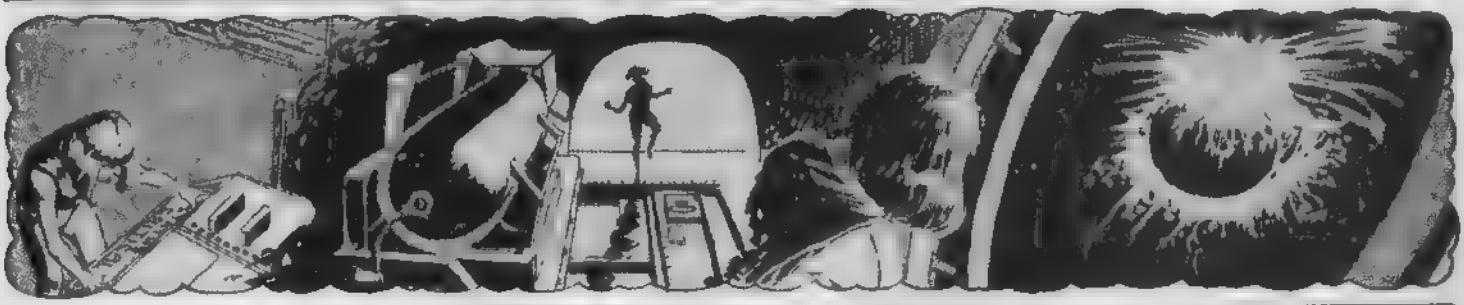

STOP ACT ING SO INEFFECTUAL AND SET A HYPER-SPEED COUR--
I ALREADY HAVE, BROOME!

IS THAT SO?! YOU JUST STICK TO YOUR ASSIGNED TASKS--

--AUTOMAT!
MY NAME... IS DARUKK. I AM NOT AN AUTOMAT... --I AM A SUPERBLY REFINED AND BALANCED MACHINE--

AND AS CONCEITED AS A BAR-MAID!
BROOME'S WORST PREJUDICES COME OUT WHEN HE'S ON EDGE-- WHICH IS NEARLY ALL THE TIME--
BUT HE'S THE BEST SPACE-BACTERIOLOGIST LEFT--AND HE KNOWS IT!

THAT'S IT...GET THOSE BUBBLE-SUITS READY!
I'VE LOST MY WILL--MY SELF-CONFIDENCE SINCE...
HE TREATS ME LIKE A WATER BOY-- BUT I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME HIM!



STILL THINKING ABOUT THAT BONER YOU PULLED ON SATURN! CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU--IT WAS STUPID!
BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED AN ASSISTANT-- NOT A VENUSIAN CRY-BABY!
LEAVE HER ALONE, BROOME--IT WAS AN UNAVOIDABLE ACCIDENT!
I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT--ALL THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE!

THE SEETHING TENSION SUBSIDES ONLY SLIGHTLY AS THE HUMANOID MEMBERS OF THE I.P.I.F. DON PROTECTIVE GEAR...HOVERING ABOVE THE RAVAGED PLANET MEDULLON...
I--I'LL CARRY THE PORTA-ANALYZER...
THAT'S WHAT I HAD IN MIND--GEEK!
LOOK DOWN THERE! IT'S-IT'S--

HORRIBLE!!

HOW CAN YOU *REACT* LIKE *THAT*? *YOUR* KIND HAS NO *EMOTIONS!*

WE ARE *BORN* WITHOUT THEM--BUT THEY CAN *GROW* IN US--

JUST AS *YOURS*, APPARENTLY, CAN BE *LOST*...

MY *GOD!*

THEY FOLLOW A FETID TRAIL OF *DEATH*...

...TO THE *BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH OUTPOST*...

HMMM...IT HIT *HARDEST* RIGHT *HERE*... PROBABLY *SPAWNED* HERE!

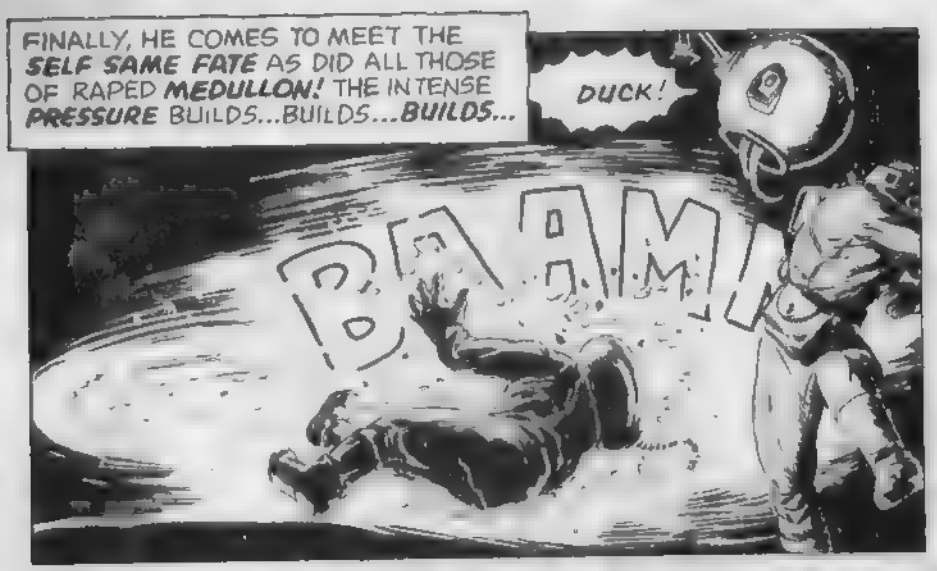
...AND *WITHIN*...

I'LL PROBE *THIS* ONE...

THESE *RECORDS* MAY HOLD A *CLUE* FOR US--!

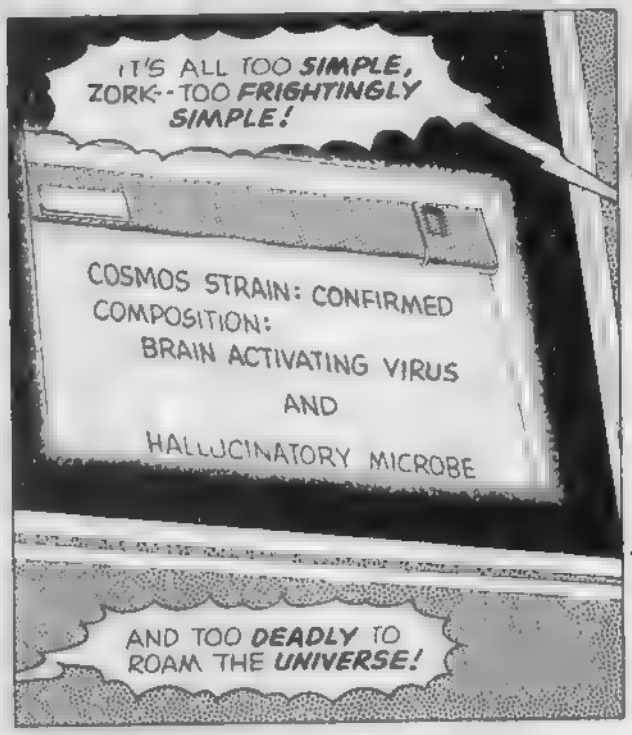
IT SAYS HERE THE RESEARCHERS HAD JUST ISOLATED A VIRUS THAT INCREASED BRAIN ACTIVITY--
GIVE ME THOSE--!
WHILE BROOME IS BUSY TRYING TO STEAL THE SHOW-- I'LL ATONE FOR MYSELF BY ANALYSING THE COSMOS STRAIN!
THE COMPUTIBANK'S STILL OPERATING...I'LL FEED THE DATA COLLECTED BY THE PORTA-ANALYZER INTO IT--!
HEY! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE...
WATCH OUT!
DOING--HUH-- OH NO! NOOO...
RIIIIP
A SEEMINGLY INCONSEQUENTIAL TEAR IN THE SEMI-VISCOUS MATERIAL--AND THE KILLER GERMS FLOOD IN...UPON, POSSIBLY, THEIR MOST FITTING VICTIM...
GGAAAAAAA!

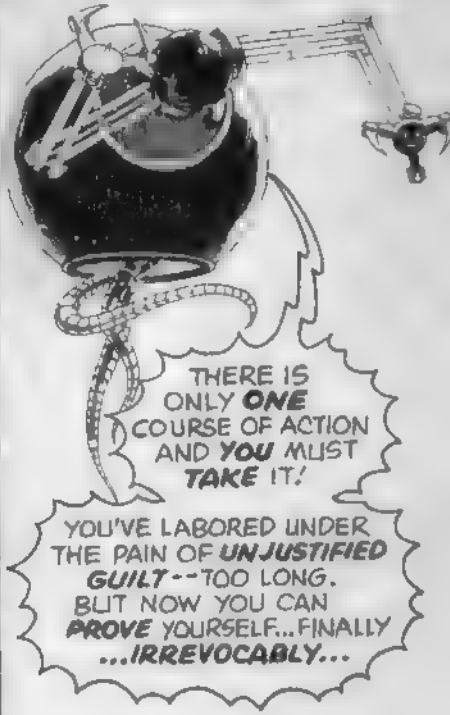
A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE DEVOURS THE DOOMED PITIFUL MAN'S MIND--AS THE COSMOS STRAIN WRAPS HIM IN THE DEATH GRIP OF HIS WORST FEARS!
THERE IS EVERYWHERE TO RUN--NOWHERE TO HIDE--FROM THE UNREAL GROTESQUERIES WHICH PURSUE HIM...
TO THE DEEPEST RECESSES OF HIS MIND...


FINALLY, HE COMES TO MEET THE SELF SAME FATE AS DID ALL THOSE OF RAPED MEDULLON! THE INTENSE PRESSURE BUILDS...BUILDS...BUILDS...
DUCK!
BAM!

I CAN'T SAY I'LL MISS HIM...
BUT...BUT NOW IT'S UP TO YOU AND I TO DESTROY THE COSMOS STRAIN--!

CLIKK
THE COMPUTIBANK'S REGISTERING!


IT'S ALL TOO SIMPLE, ZORK--TOO FRIGHTINGLY SIMPLE!
COSMOS STRAIN: CONFIRMED
COMPOSITION:
BRAIN ACTIVATING VIRUS
AND
HALLUCINATORY MICROBE
AND TOO DEADLY TO ROAM THE UNIVERSE!

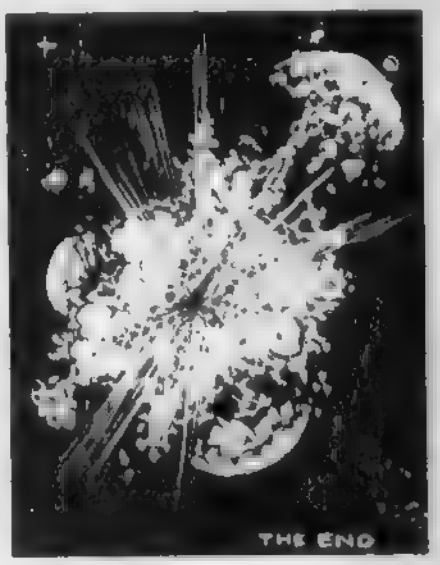

THERE IS ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION AND YOU MUST TAKE IT!
YOU'VE LABORED UNDER THE PAIN OF UNJUSTIFIED GUILT--TOO LONG. BUT NOW YOU CAN PROVE YOURSELF...FINALLY ...IRREVOCABLY...

THE STERILIBOMB... ABOARD THE PARNASSUS...

YES...YOU ARE RIGHT...OLD FRIEND...

...GOODBYE...

CLICK


THE END

MANY ARE THOSE WHO ASSUME THAT THE MYSTERIOUS REALM OF THE OCCULT AND THE LOGICALLY ORDERED WORLD OF SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS ARE NECESSARILY SEPARATE AND DISTINCT. BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO IS BRIDGED, WHEN SCIENCE SUCCESSFULLY PROBES THE REGIONS OF CHAOS? THE RESULT IS BOTH UNIQUE AND UNEXPECTED WHEN...
COMES THE STALKING MONSTER!
SID SHORES

DR. ALEISTER KOHNER SHUT HIS BOOKS; GREAT OLD CRACKLING TOMES HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD, WRITTEN IN HEBREW AND PERSIAN. NOT MANY NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS KNEW THE ANCIENT FORMS OF THESE TONGUES, BUT KOHNER HAD STUDIED THEM FOR TEN YEARS, SINCE HE WAS AN UNDERGRADUATE, FOR HE HAD ALWAYS PURSUED AN INTEREST IN THE SECRETS OF ***MAGIC!***

BEFORE HE HAD EVEN TAKEN HIS DEGREE, HE HAD LEARNED TO SUMMON FORTH ELEMENTALS, SPIRITS OF EARTH, AIR FIRE AND WATER, SIMPLE CREATURES OF LIMITED POTENTIAL, BUT SUFFICIENT TO BRING HIM ENOUGH INCOME THAT HE COULD PURSUE HIS STUDIES FULL TIME!

TEN YEARS! TEN YEARS' STUDY IT HAD TAKEN, BUT ON THIS NIGHT THE STARS AND FORCES WERE RIGHT! ON THIS NIGHT HE WOULD DRAW UPON HIS MAGICAL AND SCIENTIFIC LORE, FORCE BACK THE LAWS OF ORDER AND CHAOS, AND SUMMON THE DEMON ***ASMODEUS!***

HE'S THE MASTER OF ALL ***KNOWLEDGE***, ERICA! HE CAN TEACH ME ***EVERYTHING!*** MAYBE EVEN TEACH ***YOU*** SOMETHING FOR A CHANGE!

AL! WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT!

IF YOU WERE A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENT, I MIGHT...

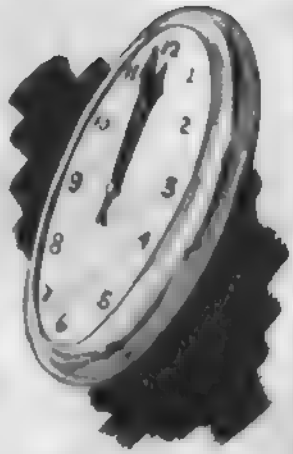
AL! NEVER MIND, ERICA. I TELL YOU TOO MUCH AS IT IS... PREPARE THE STAGE!

ERICA BEGAN SETTING THE PLATFORM-ALTAR FOR THE DEMON'S ARRIVAL, PLACING THE CONSECRATED GEMS UPON THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS OF THE PENTAGRAM. KOHNER WATCHED, EXPECTING HER TO MAKE MISTAKES. AFTER ALL, SHE DIDN'T HAVE A DEGREE, WHAT COULD SHE KNOW?

CERTAINLY NOT THAT THE DEMON NEEDED NO ***PENTAGRAM-LINES*** WITHIN WHICH TO MATERIALIZE. ***FIVE POINTS*** WERE BETTER, FOR THE LINES SHATTERED AND DEFLECTED THE FLOW OF FORCES THAT WOULD DRAW HIM ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS. WITH FIVE POINTS THE ENERGIES WERE FREER, EASIER TO CONTROL.

VERY GOOD, ERICA, NO MISTAKES. SHALL WE COMMENCE?

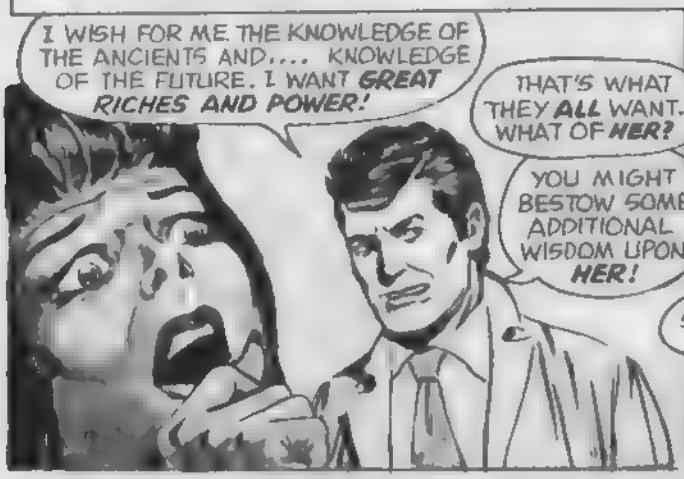
INCANTATIONS WERE UNNECESSARY; A SONIC FILTER OF "WHITE NOISE" TO KEEP OUTSIDE SOUNDS FROM INTERFERING WITH THE PATTERN WAS ENOUGH. KOHNER LIT THE ARC-LAMP CANDLES...
NOW WE NEED ONLY WAIT...



MIDNIGHT DREW CLOSER...

KRRRAAAK!
KRAAK!

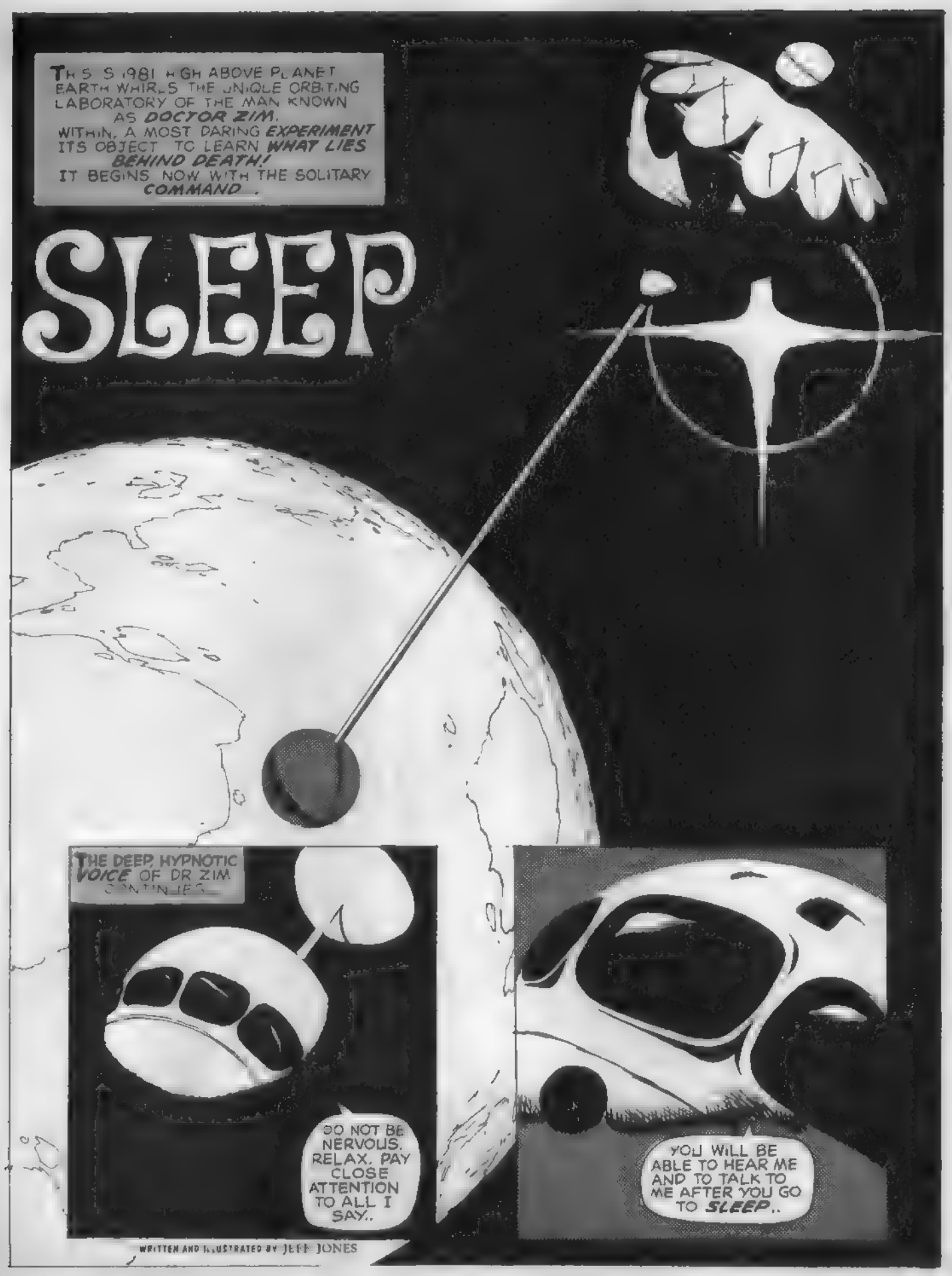
YOU HAVE CALLED ME FORTH FROM THE **NEGATIVE ZONE**, O DOKTOR!
WHAT IS IT YOU WISH OF ME THAT I MIGHT RETURN?


I WISH FOR ME THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS AND.... KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE. I WANT ***GREAT RICHES AND POWER!***
THAT'S WHAT THEY ***ALL*** WANT. WHAT OF ***HER?***
YOU MIGHT BESTOW SOME ADDITIONAL WISDOM UPON ***HER!***
SHE IS WISE ENOUGH.

VERY WELL. I SHALL TEACH YOU.
BUT YOU MUST CALL ME FORTH MANY TIMES, FOR THERE IS MUCH TO LEARN. I SHALL GO TO GATHER MYSELF.
DISPLACE A POINT OF THE FIVE AND I WILL BE GONE...REPLACE IT AND I WILL RETURN!

ERICA, DISPLACE THE RUBY.
...ASMODEUS VANISHED...
IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, KOHNER LEARNED MUCH FROM ASMODEUS. HE CREATED 10 GRAMS OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE AND A CRYSTAL PHIAL OF THE UNIVERSAL SOLVENT, ALKAHEIST. HE LEARNED THE PSYCHIC SCIENCES AND PRECOGNITION, LIGHTNING AND FIRE SPRANG FROM HIS VERY FINGERTIPS... HIS ARROGANCE BLOSSOMED.
THEN...
LOOK AT ME!
KOHNER HAD AGED/ HE'D BECOME WEAKER...
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT... DAILY I GROW MORE WEARY... NOW MY HAIR IS BLEACHING AND FALLING OUT!!
PERHAPS THE DEMON CAN...
OF COURSE HE CAN! REPLACE THE STONE!
Z-ZAP!
O-OHH!

WHAT DO YOU DESIRE, O "DOKTOR"? WOULD YOU LEARN THE ARTS MEDICAL NOW?
PER...PERHAPS, ASMODEUS! I AM BESET! EVERY DAY I GROW WEAKER...WHAT IS HAPPENING... WHAT IS SAPPING ME OF MY YOUTH, MY LIFE?
ASK ERICA! SHE IS NO FOOL! THE ANSWER REPOSES ON HER BOSOM!
SEE... DOCTOR KOHNER, YOU ARE DYING BECAUSE YOU ARE A FOOL!
DYING? WHY?
A PENTAGRAM?
YES, DOCTOR, YOU ARE AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST--YOU SHOULD RECOGNIZE YOUR SYMPTOMS AS THOSE OF RADIATION EXPOSURE!
ERICA HAS WORN THE PENTAGRAM; SHE IS EVER PROTECTED. FOR YOU SEE, FOOLISH DOCTOR, AS I RUPTURE THE LINES BETWEEN ORDER AND CHAOS, GREAT FORCES ARE DISTURBED.
IN YOUR WORLD THE PENTAGRAM-LINES DEFLECT THEM, BUT IF NOT, THE FORCES ARE MANIFEST AS GAMMA RAYS, COSMIC RAYS, X-RAYS! DEADLY RAYS! COMES THE STALKING MONSTER, DOCTOR! YOU CALL IT RADIOACTIVITY!
WERE I TO TEACH YOU ARTS MEDICAL, YOU WOULD DIE ERE YOU COULD BE TREATED! NOW YOUR SOUL IS THE SLAVE OF HELL!
WHAT...WHAT OF ERICA?
OF ERICA? SHE HAS WISDOM ENOUGH TO MASTER MY FORCES, DOCTOR. YOUR "SLAVE" IS MY MISTRESS; I OBEY HER COMMANDS ONLY NOW! O MISTRESS ERICA, YOUR FIRST COMMAND TO YOUR SLAVE?
DISPOSE OF THE BODY, ASMODEUS
END


THIS SIGNAL HIGH ABOVE PLANET EARTH WHIRLS THE UNIQUE ORBITING LABORATORY OF THE MAN KNOWN AS DOCTOR ZIM. WITHIN, A MOST DARING EXPERIMENT ITS OBJECT TO LEARN WHAT LIES BEHIND DEATH! IT BEGINS NOW WITH THE SOLITARY COMMAND...
SLEEP
THE DEEP, HYPNOTIC VOICE OF DR ZIM CONTINUES...
DO NOT BE NERVOUS. RELAX. PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO ALL I SAY..
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR ME AND TO TALK TO ME AFTER YOU GO TO SLEEP..
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JEFF JONES

TAKE A FEW DEEP BREATHS. RELAX YOUR ARMS AND LEGS...

LOOK AT THE SHINY METAL DISC I AM HOLDING... WATCH IT SWING... SWING! SWING! DO NOT TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT

FEEL YOUR EYES GETTING VERY HEAVY AND TIRED YOU ARE BECOMING VERY SLEEPY. SOON YOU WILL BE ASLEEP...
VERY... TIRED...

YOU ARE NOW SOUND ASLEEP!
PERFECT! HE IS UNDER MY HYPNOTIC SPELL!

TOO BAD, IS IT NOT, ASSISTANT ROBINSON-- THAT YOU MET WITH THAT LITTLE AHEM ACCIDENT WHILE REPAIRING THE ROCKET-MOTORS...

..BUT WHAT GREAT GOOD LUCK IT WAS FOR ME! FOR NOW I HAVE A SUBJECT WITH BUT MOMENTS OF LIFE REMAINING--
AND I AM ABOUT TO BECOME THE FIRST LIVING MAN TO LEARN WHAT LIES BEHIND DEATH!!

SUDDENLY-- ALMOST PITYINGLY-- THE DEMONIC SCIENTIST'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY A POWERFUL JAR TO THE SPACELAB.
BAAM
THOSE DAMN OBSOLETE SATELLITES--! THE SPACE AGENCY HAS GOT TO CLEAN THESE POLLUTED SKIES!

BUT I CAN'T HAVE SUCH PETTY CONCERNS INTERFERE WITH MY EXPERIMENT.
LISTEN TO ME, ROBINSON! I WILL NOW COUNT TO FIVE! BY THEN, YOU WILL BE IN A VERY DEEP SLEEP... ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... FIVE!
DEEP... SLEEP...

IT IS NOW FOUR O'CLOCK. I HAVE PLACED A LARGE TIMEPIECE BEFORE YOU WITH EACH TICK, ANOTHER MINUTE WILL PASS. THUS, WHEN SIXTY TICKS HAVE SOUNDED, YOU WILL BE ONE HOUR INTO THE FUTURE.
TICK .. TICK ... TICK...

AND PRECISELY SIXTY SECONDS LATER...
WHAT TIME IS IT?
F-FIVE... FIVE O'CLOCK.

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! IN HIS CONDITION, HE'D UNDOUBTEDLY BE DEAD BY FIVE O'CLOCK! -- I'M TALKING TO A DEAD MAN!! NOW ONLY ONE QUESTION REMAINS: WHERE IS HE? IN HEAVEN? HELL?? A LIMBO-LAND??

IT WAS THAT DR. ZIM'S VOICE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ANTICIPATION AS HE ASKED:
WHERE ARE YOU!?
I-- AM DYING... DYING...

WHAT DO YOU FEEL?!
IT'S-- HOT. VERY HOT. I-- I'M SUFFOCATING IN THE HEAT. IT'S LIKE, IT'S LIKE--
IT ISN'T LIKE IT, FOOL--

-- IT IS IT! A HELL! THERE IS A HELL!!

I'M SO STUNNED BY HIS ACCOUNT -- EVEN I'M WARM -- I MUST HAVE ALL OF THIS ON TAPE.

FOR AN HOUR, DR. ZIM RECORDED EVERY AGONY OF HIS ILL-FATED ASSISTANT... THEN HE ADJUSTED THE SPACE-LAB'S AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT...
HA! IT'S GETTING AS HOT IN HERE-- AS HELL HA HA!!

I'LL JUST TAKE A MOMENT TO REL-- WHA?!? THE- THE SUN!

IN ONE HORRIBLE SECOND ZAM UNDERSTOOD HIS FATE...
THE COLLISION! IT THREW US OUT OF OUR ORBIT! WE'VE BEEN DRIFTING INTO THE SUN!
IT'S-- HOT. VERY HOT. I-- I'M SUFFOCATING IN THIS HEAT. IT'S LIKE, IT'S LIKE...
THE END

AS THE MASSIVE ENTRANCE GATES TO THE ESTATE OF MILLIONAIRE-INVENTOR, PHILLIP TALBOT AUTOMATICALLY OPEN AND CLOSE BEHIND HIS CAR--HIS LOVELY COMPANION SMILES EXPECTANTLY...
ALMOST THOUGHT I'D LOST MY TOUCH, PHILLIP--BEFORE I PERSUADED YOU TO SHOW ME YOUR PRIVATE LAB! I'M HONORED TO BE THE FIRST GIRL A GENIUS LIKE YOU HAS INVITED HERE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE PLACE!
CLANG!
SUDDENLY, THE QUICKENING KISS OF THE COUPLE IS GRUESOMELY SHATTERED BY THE LIGHTNING THRUST OF THE HUGE STATUE OF THE KNIGHT GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE ESTATE LIKE A RUTHLESS WATCHMAN!
AAAAAH!
EVERYTHING INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE HOUSE IS AUTOMATICALLY OPERATED BY MY COMPUTER "DEBBIE." FROM HANDING ME MY MORNING CUP OF COFFEE--TO PIN-POINTING THE EXACT LOCATION OF HALLEY'S COMET IN SPACE TEN YEARS FROM NOW! BUT "DEBBIE", DOESN'T CONTROL ME!
GOOD GOD--WHAT'S HAPPENING? THE KNIGHT'S MALFUNCTIONING! IT'S COMPUTED ONLY TO MENACE INTRUDERS??!

CORPSE by COMPUTER!

WRITTEN BY BOB KANIGHER
ILLUSTRATED BY DOUG WILDEY

HIS SENSES **SEARED** BY THE **BLOODY SPECTACLE** HE HAD JUST SEEN OF HIS LOVELY COMPANION TURNED IN AN INSTANT INTO A **DANGLING SACRIFICE**--THE HORRIFIED INVENTOR RACES TOWARDS THE **HUGE MONOLITHIC COMPUTER** AND ITS SILENT FLASHING EYES!

THE **CIRCUIT CHANNELS** ARE **MALFUNCTIONING!** I CAN SEE THE SHORTS STILL FLASHING ON THE **CONSOLE SCREEN!** "DEBBIE"--WHAT WENT **WRONG?**

I FORGOT "DEBBIE'S" **NOT** A **ROBOT!** SHE **CAN'T** ANSWER **ACOUSTICALLY**--SHE'S A **COMPUTER!** I'LL **QUESTION** HER ON THE **MASTER CONTROL!** SHE'LL **COMPUTE** THE **ANSWER** AND **FLASH** IT ON THE **SCREEN!**

PAAA

THE INVENTOR BATTLES TO CONTROL HIS RIOTING NERVES...

FIRST--I'LL **CHECK** "DEBBIE'S" **MEMORY BANKS** TO MAKE SURE THEY **HAVEN'T** BEEN **AFFECTED** BY THE MALFUNCTIONING OF THE CIRCUIT CHANNELS --WITH AN EASY QUESTION!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

NAME POSSIBLE BLACK SULPHIDE COMBINATIONS TO BE FOUND ON THE PLANET **SATURN?**

WHIRRRRAR!

...ZnS...CuS...PbS...

CORRECT, "DEBBIE"--AS USUAL!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

NOW, "DEBBIE"--REPORT WHY **CIRCUIT CHANNELS MALFUNCTIONED**--CAUSING THE **ROBOT KNIGHT** TO **LUNGE** AT MY **COMPANIONS!**

THE FLASHING ANSWER **EXPLODES** [illegible] INTOR'S BATTERED **BRAIN!**

...abc...xxx...111... I

AM YOUR COMPANION...

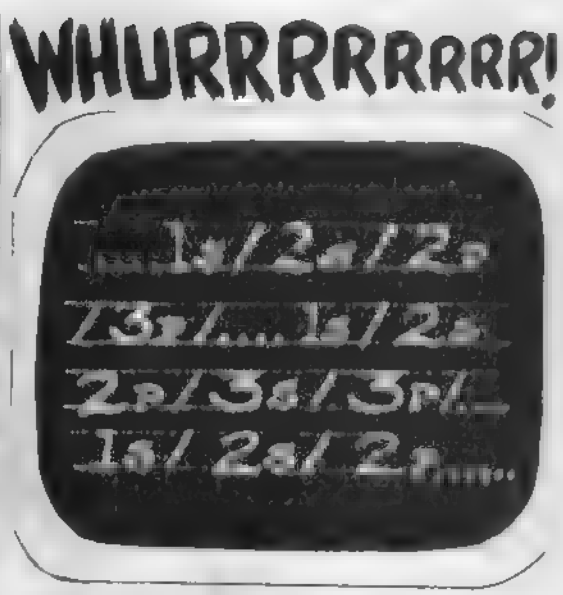
I...NO ONE ELSE...

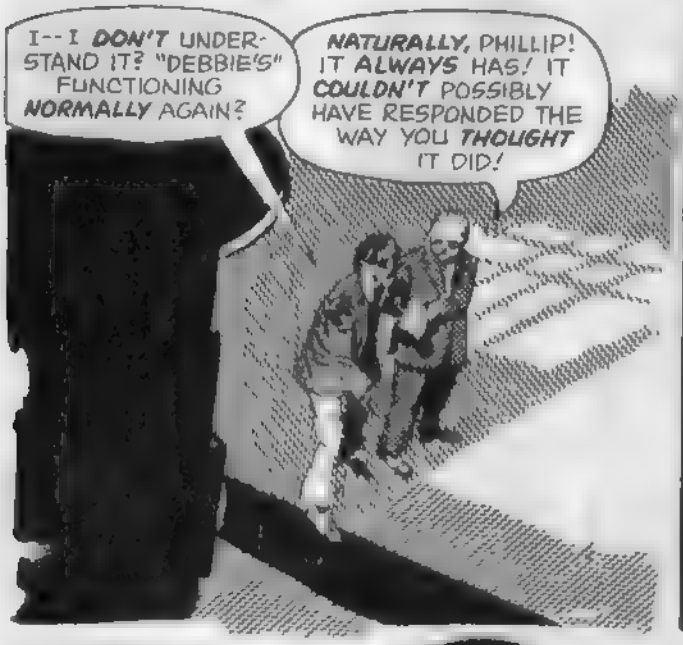
DEBBIE.....

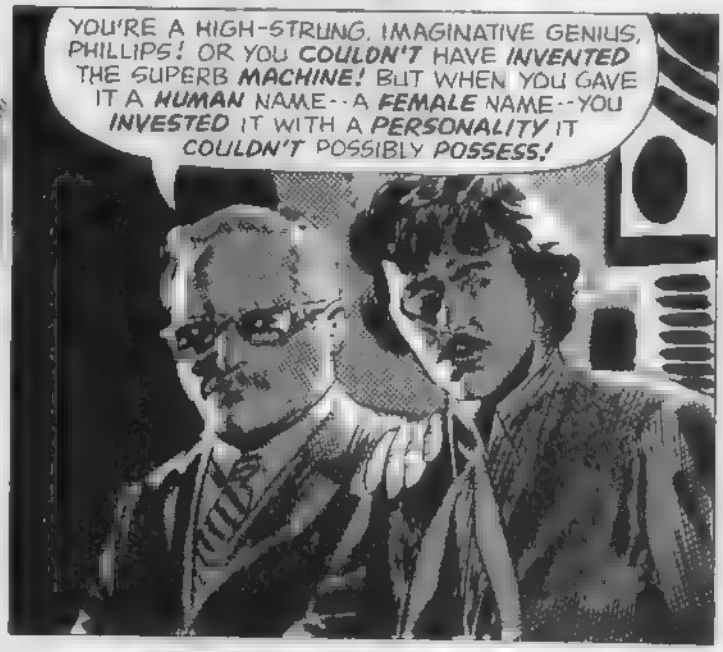
YOU--? A COMPUTER--? MY COMPANION?

NAMELESS TERROR BEATS IN THE INVENTOR'S HEART LIKE A BAT'S WINGS...
IT'S THE ACCIDENT--! I--I MUST BE GOING OUT OF MY HEAD! I'LL CALL PROF. HENDERSON! HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW! H--HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LATER, AS THE MORGUE TRUCK ARRIVES FOR ITS GRISLY CARGO...
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF, PHILLIP, MY BOY! THESE SENSELESS ACCIDENTS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! YOU COULDN'T PREVENT IT! YOU COULDN'T PREVENT IT! ANYMORE THAN YOU COULD STOP LIGHTNING FROM STRIKING! NOW--LET'S GO TO YOUR LAB!
MORGUE
IT WAS A WHIM OF YOURS CALLING YOUR COMPUTER "DEBBIE"! IT'S JUST A COLLECTION OF MEMORY BANKS ENCASED IN A PLASTIC UNIT! ELECTRON CALLY MOTIVED! A MACHINE --WITHOUT SOUL, MIND OR HEART!... I'LL OPERATE IT!
CLICK!
WHEN YOU WERE ASKED TO REPORT WHY CIRCUIT CHANNELS MALFUNCTIONED--CAUSING THE ROBOT KNIGHT TO ATTACK YOUR INVENTOR'S COMPANION--WHY DID YOU ANSWER--"I AM YOUR COMPANION!...I! ...NO ONE ELSE!... I--DEBBIE--!?
LOOK AT THE ANSWER SCREEN, PHILLIP! BLANK! NO REACTION FROM THE COMPUTER'S MEMORY BANKS! HAD YOU ASKED THE QUESTION YOU SAID--IT WOULD HAVE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY! IT COULDN'T HELP ITSELF! ITS RESPONSE IS ELECTRONIC--NOT EMOTIONAL! IT'S JUST A MACHINE--NOT A HUMAN!
MAYBE "DEBBIE" IS MALFUNCTIONING! OR REFUSES TO CONFESS!

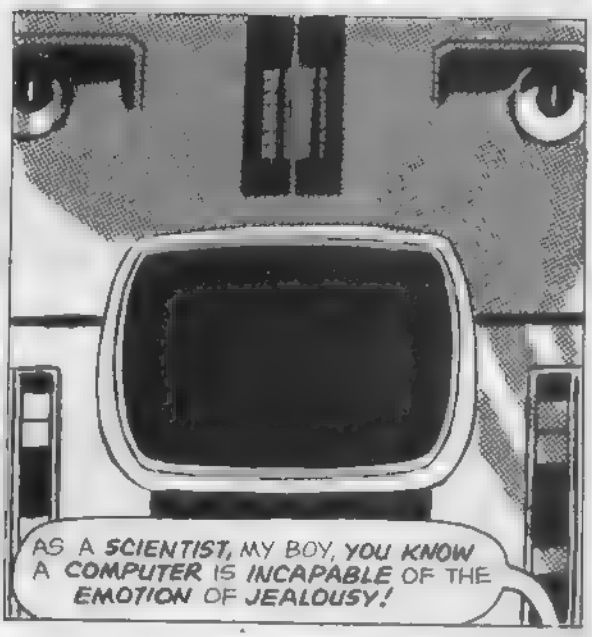
ALL RIGHT, PHILLIP! I'LL CHECK THE COMPUTER!
WHAT IS THE ABBREVIATED ELECTRONIC CONFIGURATION FOR A1, P AND C1?


WHURRRRRRRR!
1s/2s/2p
3p/1s/2s
2p/3s/3p/
1s/2s/2p


I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT? "DEBBIE'S" FUNCTIONING NORMALLY AGAIN?
NATURALLY, PHILLIP! IT ALWAYS HAS! IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE RESPONDED THE WAY YOU THOUGHT IT DID!


YOU'RE A HIGH-STRUNG, IMAGINATIVE GENIUS, PHILLIPS! OR YOU COULDN'T HAVE INVENTED THE SUPERB MACHINE! BUT WHEN YOU GAVE IT A HUMAN NAME--A FEMALE NAME--YOU INVESTED IT WITH A PERSONALITY IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY POSSESS!

BECAUSE YOU AUTOMATED THE WHOLE PLACE, YOU BLAMED YOURSELF FOR THE GIRL'S HORRIBLE ACCIDENT! UNABLE TO BEAR THE GUILT YOU FELT--YOU HALLUCINATED TRANSFERRED YOUR GUILT TO THE COMPUTER!


AS A SCIENTIST, MY BOY, YOU KNOW A COMPUTER IS INCAPABLE OF THE EMOTION OF JEALOUSY!

THAT NIGHT THE INVENTOR WRITHES IN THE GRIP OF A NIGHTMARE...
NO...NO...NO...NO!
FINALLY, DRIVEN BY A FORCE HE CANNOT CONTROL...
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHETHER IT WAS A HALLUCINATION BECAUSE OF SHOCK --OR--?
"DEBBIE" --DO YOU HAVE ANY FEELINGS?
click! click! click!
WHHHHHHRR!
...LOVE...HATE...
...LOVE...HATE...
...LOVE...HATE...
...LOVEHATELO
OPENED LIKE A BOTTOMLESS DARK ABYSS INTO
YOU CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING! YOU'RE JUST A COMPUTER! I OUGHT TO KNOW! I INVENTED YOU! YOU'RE A COMPUTER--COMPUTER--COMPUTER!
...I--DEBBIE--I--DE
...BIE...--I--I--I--
BIE--DEBBIE--DE
YOU KILLED IRIS-- YOU'RE A MURDERER, "DEBBIE"! AND BECAUSE I CREATED YOU--I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR HER MURDER, TOO! THE TWO OF US! MURDERERS!--MURDERERS!--MURDERERS!- MURDERERS!

SLOWLY...AS IF SWIMMING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA TOWARDS A SHAFT OF SUN-LIGHT FAR OVER-HEAD...THE DAZED INVENTOR RETURNS...
YOU CAN THANK YOUR COMPUTER FOR ANSWERING MY PHONE CALL AND ALERTING ME TO YOUR CONDITION, PHILLIP! I HAD YOU BROUGHT TO DR. KAREN BENTON'S PRIVATE HOSPITAL! THE FINEST PSYCHIATRIC SERVICE IN THE EAST!
PROF. HENDERSEN TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOUR CASE! I'M SURE I CAN HELP YOU! NOW...REST!
AS SOON AS THE INVENTOR IS ABLE...
THIS IS A SIMPLE WORD ASSOCIATION TEST, PHILLIP! TELL ME THE FIRST TEST PHILLIP! TELL ME THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT COMES INTO YOUR MIND! LOVE?
"DEBBIE"!
HATE?
"DEBBIE"!
DAYS MELT INTO EACH OTHER...
YOU'VE INSIGHT NOW, PHILLIP! YOU REALIZE THAT BECAUSE OF INTENSE OVERWORK, YOU'VE IMAGINED YOUR COMPUTER TO HAVE HUMAN TRAITS! WHEN ALL IT IS AN INVENTION OF VACUUM TUBES, TRANSISTORS, AND MILES OF WIRES ELECTRONICALLY AUTOMATING EVERY INCH OF YOUR ESTATE!
YES, KAREN! AND I REALIZE SOMETHING ELSE...
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!
PROOF THAT YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO GO HOME, PHILLIP! I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU! YOUR NEW "DISEASE" IS CONTAGIOUS! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, TOO, DARLING!

ONCE AGAIN, THE FEARFUL INVENTOR HEARS MASSIVE GATES AUTOMATICALLY CLANGING SHUT BEHIND HIM LIKE THE SEAL OF DOOM...

TH--THERE'S THE ROBOT KNIGHT THAT "DEBBIE" ACTIVATED INTO KILLING IRIS! I'D BETTER STOP!

NO, PHILLIP-- OR WE'LL NEVER RID YOU OF YOUR OBSESSION! STOP THINKING OF YOUR COMPUTER AS A HUMAN! IT'S A MACHINE! WITHOUT A NAME! DRIVE ON!

"DEBBIE" DIDN'T ACTIVATE THE ROBOT--? SHE HAS ELECTRONIC SENSORS EVERYWHERE SHE KNOWS WE'RE HERE!

THERE IS NO "DEBBIE", PHILLIP! EXCEPT IN YOUR IMAGINATION! DRIVE TO THE LAB!

KAREN-- DON'T! NOT IN FRONT OF "DEBBIE"!

"DEBBIE" DOESN'T EXIST DARLING! THAT'S JUST A COMPUTER! COMPUTERS DON'T HAVE EMOTIONS! HUMANS DO! THAT'S WHY YOU HAD A PSYCHIC TRAUMA! BUT OUR LOVE WILL RID YOU OF IT!

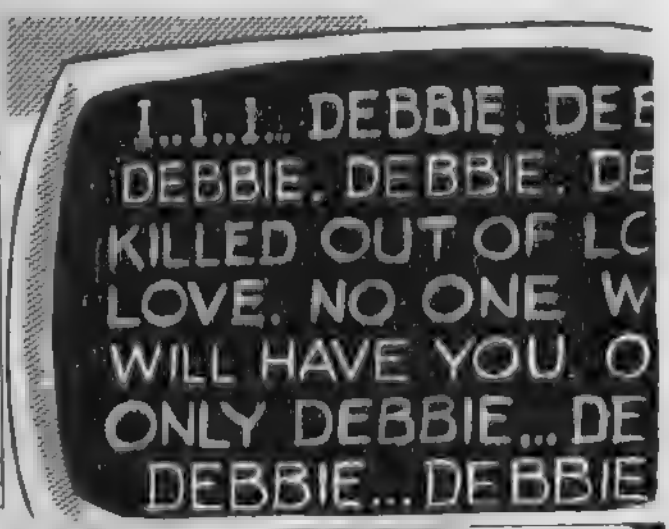
YOU'RE RIGHT, DARLING! I FEEL AS IF YOU LIFTED A DARK CLOUD FROM MY MIND!

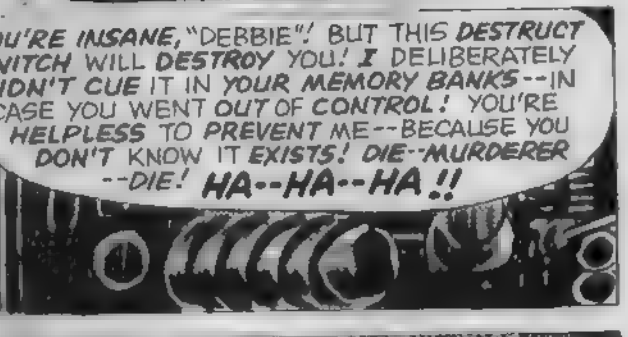
YOU CREATED A MONSTER OUT OF AN INNOCENT COMPUTER! ALL IT HAS ARE MEMORY BANKS-- NOT FEELINGS! NO MIND, HEART, FLESH OR BLOOD! NOW, FORGET ABOUT IT-- AND SHOW ME YOUR LOVELY GARDENS!

WHAT BEAUTIFUL TREES! PHILLIP--THEY'RE LEANING TOWARDS EACH OTHER?

THEY'RE AUTOMATED TO FORM AN ARBOR OVERHEAD AT A SUDDEN BAROMETRIC CHANGE--AS A SHELTER AGAINST RAIN!

SUDDENLY--WITH THE UNCOILING SPEED OF A WHIPLASH!
YOUR COMPUTER MUST BE MALFUNCTIONING, PHILLIP DARLING! IT'S BRIGHT--SUNNY --NO HINT OF RAIN! TH--THAT BRANCH--? LASHING AT MY THROAT--? STRANGLING ME-- AAHHNNNNN...
NO--NO--NO NOT AGAIN!
WRENCHED FROM HIS FRENZIED FINGERS...
IT'S "DEBBIE"!
AS HIS GARROTED COMPANION DANGLES LIKE A LIFELESS BIRD...
"DEBBIE'S" KILLED AGAIN!
BACK TO HIS MONOLITHIC COMPUTER STUMBLES THE AGONIZED INVENTOR-HIS BRAIN A FOUNTAIN OF RAGING BLOOD!
I'M NOT GOING OUT OF MY MIND! I'M NOT HALLUCINATING! I DID CREATE A MURDERING MONSTER! AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU ADMIT IT!





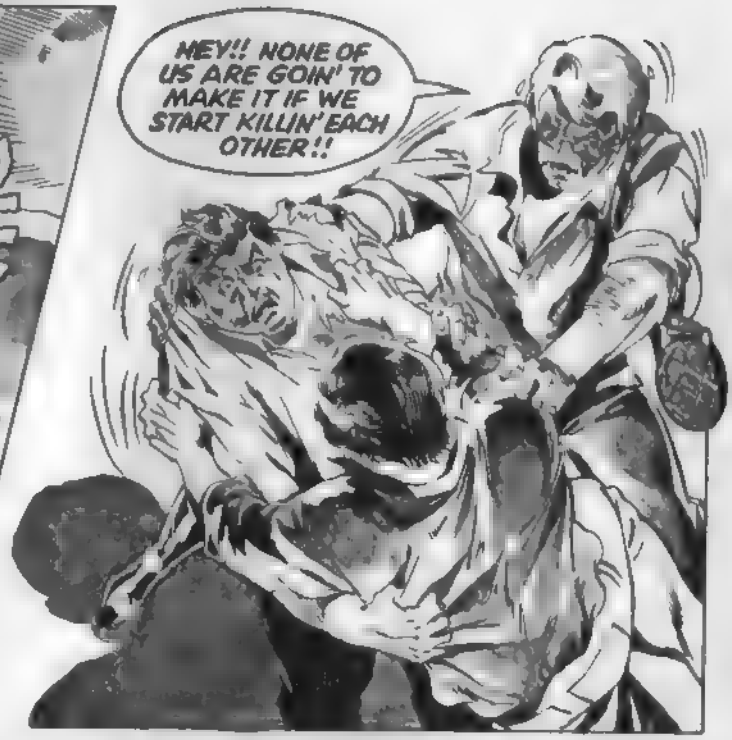
OSCAR WILDE SAID--EACH MAN KILLS THE THING HE LOVES!...OR IS IT THE OTHER WAY AROUND?!

—End

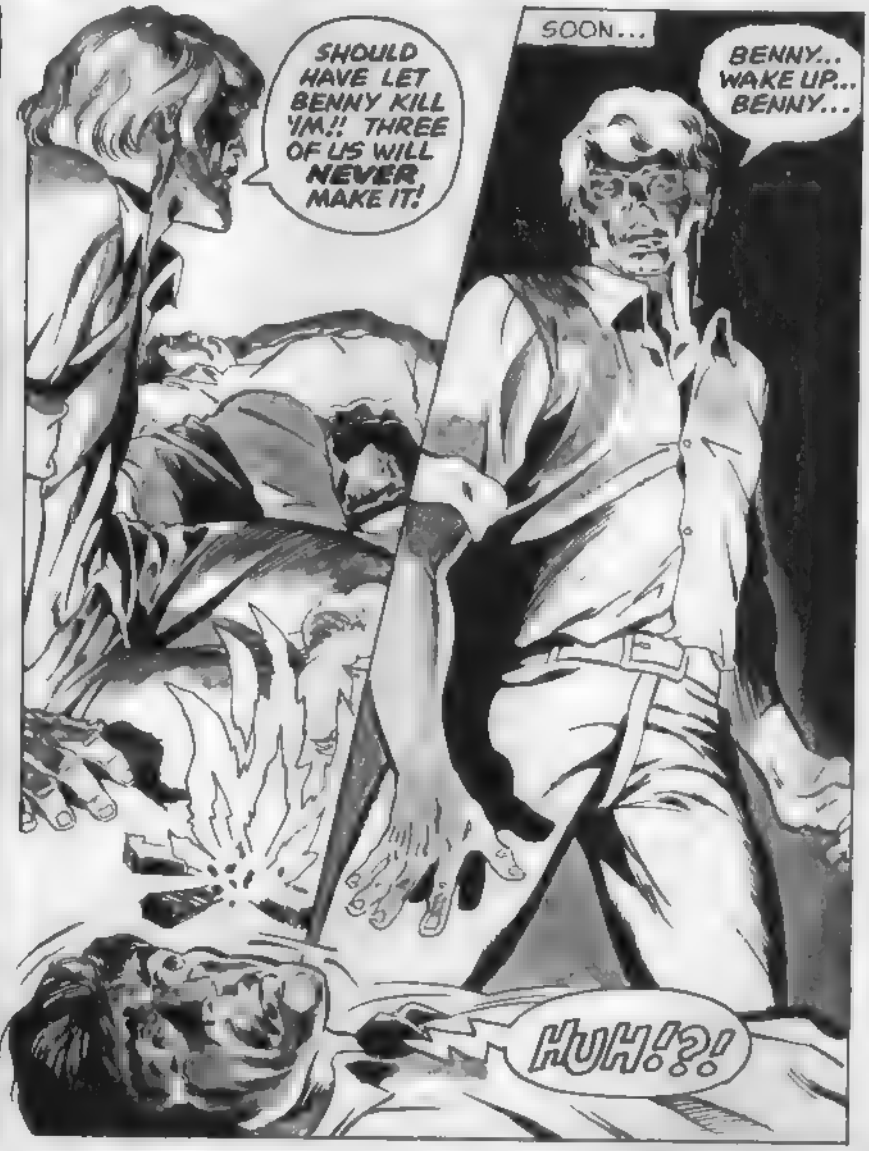
WHOMP
HEY!! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!?! ENGINE'S DYIN'!!
MAYDAY! MAY... HUH!?!
PUT IT DOWN! WE DON'T WANT NO COMPANY!!
WE CONTRACTED YOU TO TAKE US TO MEXICO... WE AIN'T STOPPIN' TILL WE GET THERE!!
NO WAY MAN!! CAN'T KEEP THIS BIRD UP!! ONLY WAY YOU GET TO MEXICO, IS TO START SPROUTIN' WINGS...
...RIGHT NOW!!
SAND CASTLE
WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY ILLUSTRATED BY PABLO MARCOS
PAINTED UPON A CANVAS OF SAND AND SMOKE, THREE MEN FACE GRIM CONDITIONS... COUPLED WITH THE MASSIVE LINK OF AN EVEN GRIMMER FUTURE.
HEY, FLY BOY...WHERE ARE WE??
ABOUT A HUNDRED'N' FIFTY MILES FROM THE BORDER...AND
SURROUNDED BY AS MANY MILES OF SAND!!
WE ONLY GOT TWO CANTEENS!! WE'RE GONNA DIE...I KNOW IT!!...WE'RE GONNA DIE! IF I HAD ANY BRAINS I'D...
PABLO MARCOS
YOU'D WHAT!?!
DO ME A FAVOR, TONY... SHUDDUP!!

I STILL SAY WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WE'RE GONNA DIE OUT HERE, BENNY!
CUT IT OUT, WILL YA!!? FLY BOY'LL GET US OUTTA HERE!!
WE STILL HAVE THE MAP AND COMPASS... THAT INCREASES OUR CHANCES SLIGHTLY!
YEAH, HE'LL GET US OUT...WHO IS HE... GOD!!?
SOON...
LET'S TAKE A REST ...I WANT TO CHECK OUR COURSE...
GIMME THE WATER... I'M DYIN' OF THIRST!!
LATER!!
COME ON, MAN! I'LL DIE WITHOUT THAT WATER...HAND IT OVER!!
BE NICE TO THE MAN, TONY!! HE'S GONNA GET US OUTTA HERE... HE CALLS THE SHOTS!!
I KNOW, TONY... EVER SINCE THAT KID WAS KILLED IN THE BANK JOB, YOU'VE TURNED YELLA!!
IF YOU HADN'T PANICKED, THAT KID'D STILL BE BREATHIN'!
YEAH!?! WHO FORGOT THE MONEY IN THE PLANE??
WHY, YOU LITTLE MANGY...

A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
SO HELP ME... I'LL KILL YA!!
OOOOMMMPPH
HHH


HEY!! NONE OF US ARE GOIN' TO MAKE IT IF WE START KILLIN' EACH OTHER!!

WHEN THE DAY BEGINS TO FALL BEFORE THE NIGHT...
...AND WHEN THE BRILLIANT GOLDEN ORB HAD SETTLED BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS FAR TO THE WEST...
THERE, TONY... ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?
GULP GULP GULP
EASY ON THE WATER!! IT'S GOTTA LAST!
WHY DON'T YOU BOYS SACK OUT FOR AWHILE...
...I'LL WAKE YOU IN AN HOUR. WE'RE GONNA TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS COOL NIGHT AIR!!


SHOULD HAVE LET BENNY KILL 'IM!! THREE OF US WILL NEVER MAKE IT!
SOON...
BENNY... WAKE UP... BENNY...
HUH!?!

SHHHHH... LISTEN TO ME...
...WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT WITH THE WATER WE HAVE LEFT...CAN'T LAST IF WE SPLIT IT THREE WAYS... WE'VE GOT TO...
I READ YA MAN! I WANT TO GET OUTTA THIS ALIVE!
SSHHH... WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE HIM...YET!
HUH??!
OOOOMM...ON
SOMEWHERE, A LONE COYOTE, PERCHED ON A DISTANT AND UNSEEN MOUNTAIN, HOWLS HIS LOVE SONG TO A RISING NOON...WHILE, ON THE FLOOR OF SAND, THE GUTTURAL SON OF DEATH RATTLES AND KNELLS WITHIN THE VALLEY OF LIFE...BETWIXT FINITE MORTAL EXISTENCE AND ETERNITY!
HOLD 'IM... HOLD 'IM!!
AARRGGHHH CHOKE AARRGGHH CHOKE
GET ME THE EMPTY CANTEEN!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THAT??
NO QUESTIONS, HUH?!...JUST GET IT!!

SECONDS LATER...

UUNNGGHH... UUNNGGGHHH...

YOU AIN'T GONNA ...WE'RE NOT GONNA DRINK...

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO LIVE?? NO QUESTION OF MORALITY... JUST SURVIVAL!

...THERE!!

OOHHH GOD! I'M GONNA RETCH RETCH

AS SCARLET FLUID PUSHED FROTHY CRIMSON FOAM TO THE NECK OF THAT HELLISH TANKARD...

COME ON... LET'S GET MOVIN'!

NEVER! I'LL NEVER DRINK IT ...NEVER!

WHEN YOU RELISH LIFE ABOVE YOUR MORAL QUALMS, YOU WILL!!

HOURS GAVE WAY TO DAYS, AS THE DAWN FOLLOWED THE NIGHT IN CONTINUOUS CYCLES!

DON'T THINK I CAN MAKE IT! COUGH COUGH
WHA!?

IT'S... IT'S...

...WATER!!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??

LUST, BORN OF THIRST, SPEEDS ADRENALIN THROUGH THE PRIMAL SYSTEM...RAISING LAGGARD MUSCLES IN PHOENIX-LIKE FASHION, TO STRENGTH!
WATER!! WE'RE SAVED... WATER!
GET BACK HERE, YOU FOOL...THERE IS NO WATER!!
SO FRESH! CHOKE
SO COOL!! CHOKE
STOP IT, YOU FOOL... IT'S SAND! STOP!!
WATHA... WATHA!! CHOKE
QUICK!!... START SPITTIN' IT OUT!!
I CAN'T LET YOU DIE!!

SPIT IT OUT I SAID! DO YOU WANNA CHOKE?!

SPIT!!

PFSSSSST...

PFFSSST

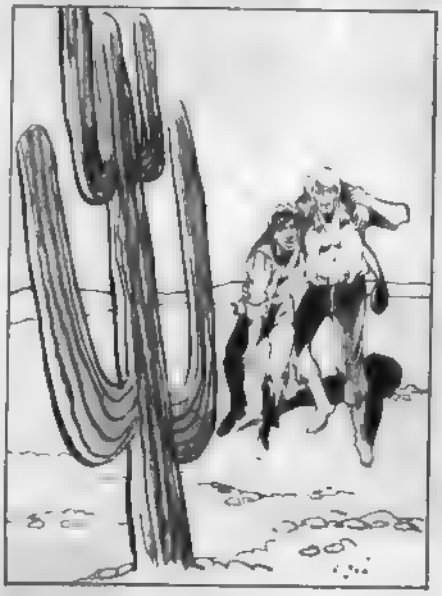
WHAT D'YA WANNA DO...KILL YOURSELF?! COME ON, WE GOTTA GET GOIN'! AHEAD LIES THE ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEM!

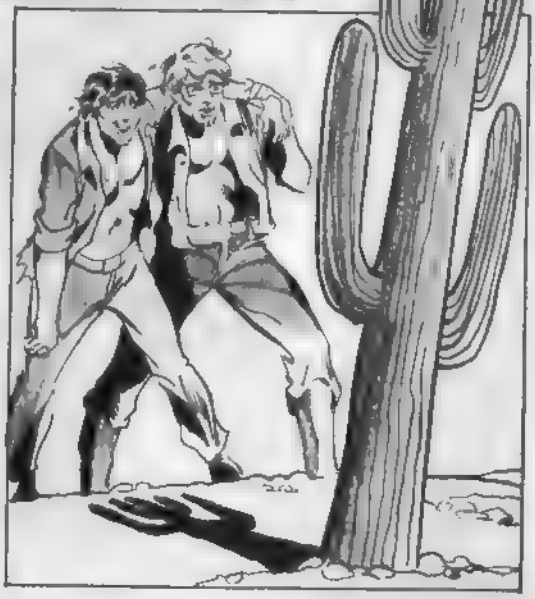
LOOK!!

THERE... JUST BEYOND THE RISE!

CACTUS??

A LONE SAGUARO...A MINUTE OASIS AMIDST THE VAST SEAS OF SAND...A REPRIEVE FROM ***ARID DEATH***...A LITTLE PATCH OF ***HEAVEN*** ON THE PARCHED FLOOR OF ***HELL!!***

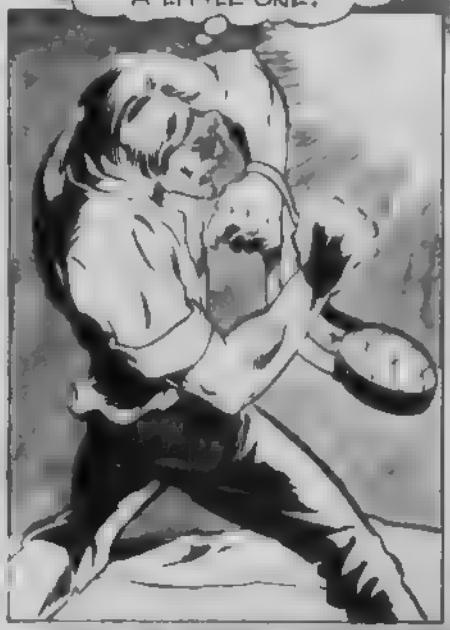




THERE! NECTAR OF THE GODS... WATER FOR YOUR THIRST!!
AT LAST... THANK GOD, AT LAST!!
WITH MAMMOTH LUST BORN OF DEPRIVATION...
AAHHHHooo AAHHHHHooo
WATER!! GOOD!!
WHY ;SLURP; AREN'T YOU DRINKIN'?
;SLURP;
;SLURP;
WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED I WILL INDULGE!
GIMME THE CANTEEN ...DUMP OUT THAT...
...BLOOD!?
MY GOD!! YOU DRANK IT!
HAHAHAHAHA!!
WHY?!! YOU HAD WATER... WE SHARED IT! WHY?!
SIMPLY, BECAUSE I PREFER THAT CARNAL LIQUID!
YES, I PARTOOK OF THAT VILE TASTING WATER... WOULD YOU HAVE HAD ME GIVE MYSELF AWAY?!

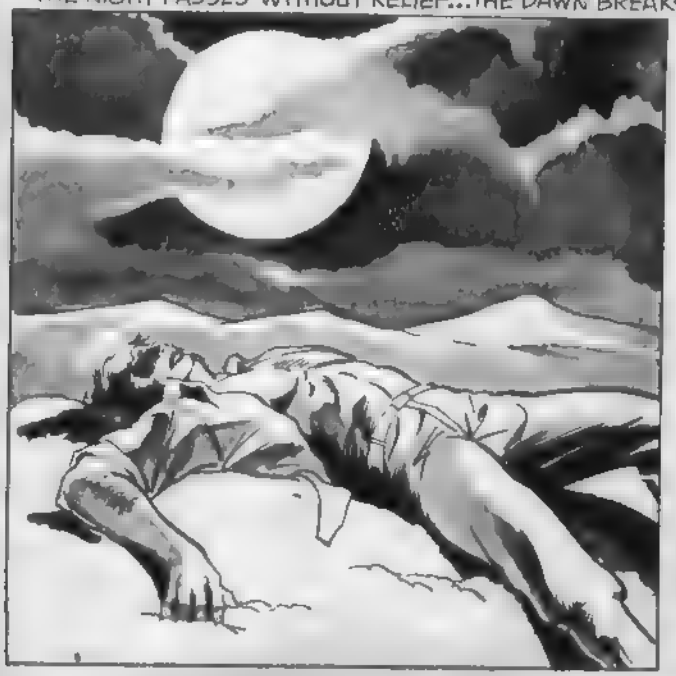
YOU'RE... YOU'RE... A...A...
YES, BUT DO NOT BOTHER YOURSELF WITH THAT VULGAR TERM WITH WHICH THOSE OF MY BREED HAVE BEEN BRANDED! MERELY LET US SAY, THAT THE TASTES I HAVE ACQUIRED ARE SOMEWHAT UNIQUE IN THE REALM OF THE NORM!
WHY DO YOU THINK WE KILLED YOUR COMPANION? BECAUSE I WAS RAVAGED WITH THIRST! I HAVE KEPT YOU ALIVE FOR GOOD REASON! YOU ARE, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING MY HUMAN CANTEEN!!
BUT, IT IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE THAT YOU HAVE A KNOWLEDGE OF MY SECRET...
...FOR EVEN WITH YOUR MORTAL VISION, YOU CAN SEE THE CANTEEN IS... EMPTY!!
HA, HA, HAAA AN ATTEMPT AT SAVING YOURSELF?! HA, HA, HA, HAAAA!
HA HA HAAAAA
AAAAIIIEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

WINGED DOTS CIRCLING HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS SKY:
WITH LUST SPENT, THE MIND TOYS WITH OTHER PROBLEMS...



WITH THE PASSING OF THE AFTERNOON SUN, THE ***INFERNO*** KEEPS TO ITS ***FEVER PITCH...YOU*** RESIST THE ***WILD, TORMENTED CRIES*** OF YOUR ***ROUGH, PARCHED THROAT...RESIST,*** UNTIL ALL FRAGMENTS OF ***WILL*** AND ***SELF-CONTROL*** ARE LOST TO THE FEEBLE MURMURS OF THE GENTLE WIND!!

THE NIGHT PASSES WITHOUT RELIEF...THE DAWN BREAKS WITHOUT RESPITE...*A MAN AWAKES...WITHOUT HOPE!!*



UUNGGGHHH... UNGGGHHH... CHOKE CHOKE

WHA...?! A CASTLE... HERE?!
HA HA HA HA HAAAAAAAAA!

TOO MUCH DETAIL FOR A MIRAGE... A TIME WARP!! MAYBE PEOPLE... BLOOD! AHHH, FATE!!
HA HA

HAHAHAHAAAAAAAAA!!
HAVE TO MAKE IT TO THE GATE! GET HELP... FOOD!!

BURDENED WITH THE HANDICAP OF FATIGUE AND MALNUTRITION, IT IS DIFFICULT... NAY, IMPOSSIBLE... TO MANEUVER UPON THE PATCHWORK OF STONE!
OOOOPPPSSS!

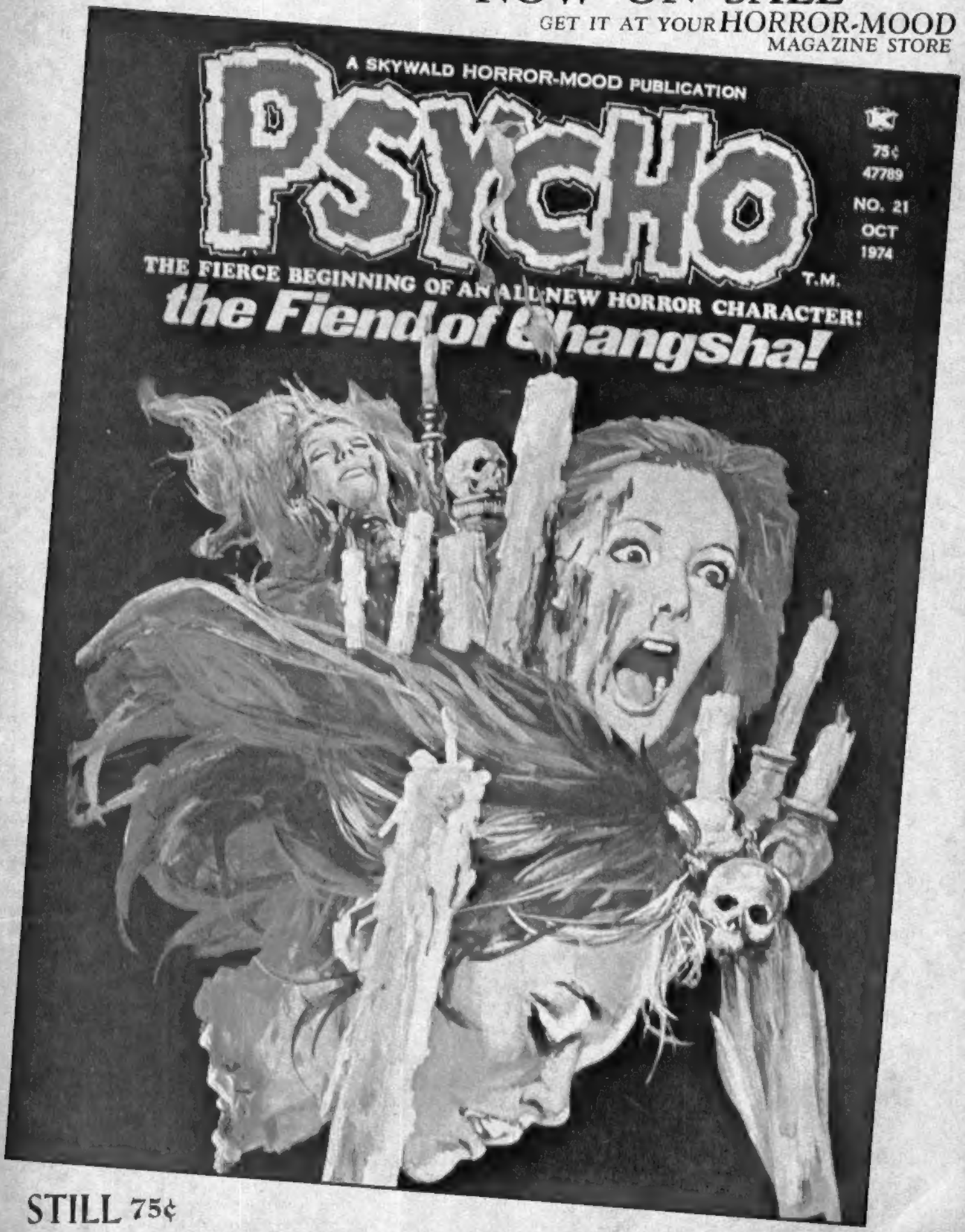
MEN SPEAK IN HUSHED WHISPERS BEHIND HOARY OAK, BRASS-STRAPPED AND BONDED FOR ***ETERNITY***... OR IS IT AGAIN, THAT FLEETING, SENSUAL WIND... MURMURING WITH HER TORRID BREATH?!

NO...'TWAS ***NOT*** THE TEPID LIMBS OF A VOLUPTUOUS BREEZE THAT HELP YOU FIRM IN HER EMBRACE...RATHER, THE ***FRIGID***, CLAMMY FINGERS OF ***DEATH!!***

IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE WORLD...IN THE UNIVERSITIES... THE JUNGLES...THE ASPHALT-CARPETED STREETS, MEN SPEAK OF ***DEATH***...RAISING QUESTIONS, THAT EVEN TO THE ANCIENTS, WERE ***ARCHAIC!*** GUESSING, EVER GUESSING. ***WONDERING, EVER WONDERING! REASONING, EVER REASONING!*** AS IF MERE MORTAL COMPREHENSION COULD COMPROMISE THE LAWS! ***THEY CAST WAXEN AUTHORITY TO A WANING MOON... HOPING KNOWLEDGE WILL FIND THEM...WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!!***

Fin

NOW ON SALE
GET IT AT YOUR HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE STORE



STILL 75¢

This fetid swamp is somewhere in the
TOMB OF HORROR
And it is a particularly unique swamp, for therein strange serpents unknown in Anthropological circles, macabre men unwanted in the world without, and horrors unheard of even in Hell, lurk and slither, and await your visit into their weird domain. Enter the TOMB OF HORROR SWAMP, in the NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION on sale 9/26/74 — a special junket into the world of the mysterious, and the nameless, mindless, minions of horror!